

The Listener

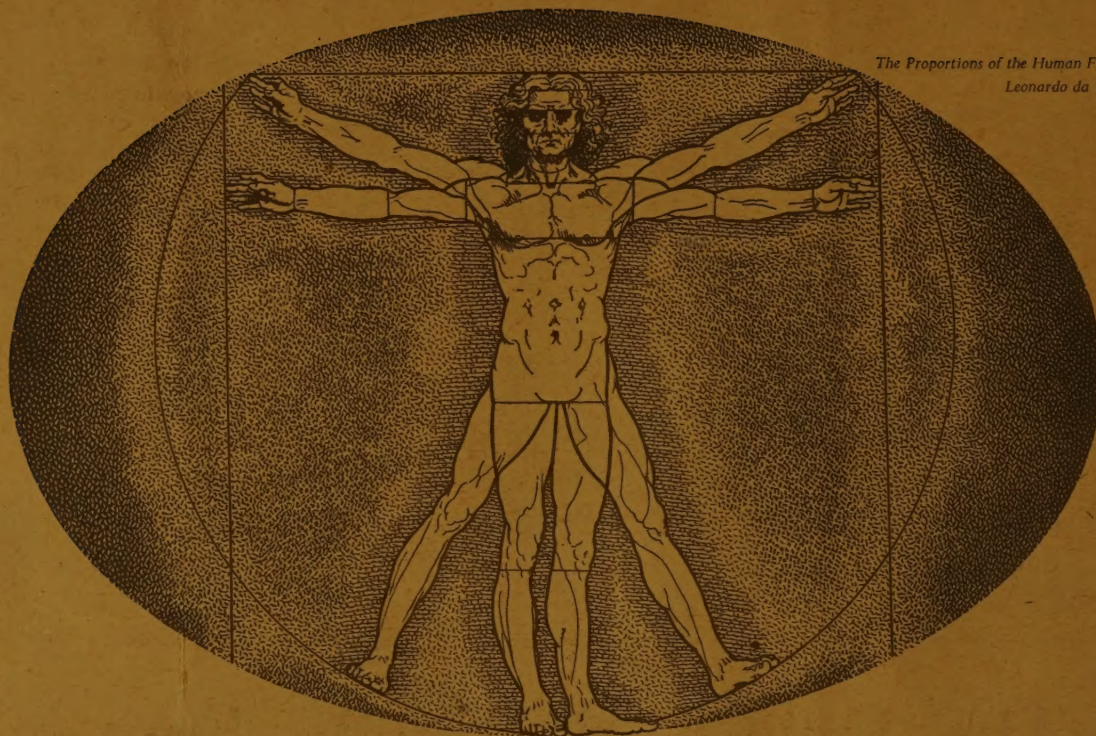
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February sunshine in St. James's Park, London

In this number:

A Great Experiment in Government—I (Sir Ivor Jennings)
The Language of Architecture (J. L. Martin)
Philosophers and Idiots (Bertrand Russell)



*The Proportions of the Human Figure
Leonardo da Vinci*

Man is the measure of all things—

PROTAGORAS (B.C. 481-411)

We live in an age of great organisations; can we also live in one of great individuals? To reconcile the technical achievement of modern society with the dignity of the men and women who compose it is the problem of our time. To reach a solution we must first be certain of the aim we set our mammoth communities and world-wide corporations; when the last superlative has been uttered, the test must be the same—how far they contribute to the happiness, understanding and liberty of the ordinary man.

The real measure of a modern industry is its power to preserve our human values while adding to our material heritage. Man is not just another factor in the productive chain—he is the reason for its existence.



Esso Petroleum Company, Limited

The Listener

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CONTENTS

WORLD TODAY:	NEWS DIARY AND PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE WEEK	244
The Fall of M. Mendès-France (André Fontaine) ...	AUTOBIOGRAPHY: Philosophers and Idiots (Bertrand Russell) ...	247
Discovering Australia (Wynford Vaughan-Thomas) ...	LETTERS TO THE EDITOR:	
Commonwealth and Government—I (Sir Ivor Jennings) ...	From Margaret Knight, Reginald Sorensen, M.P., Dr. Agnes	
What is Wrong with Local Government? (Ivor Gowan) ...	Savill, Rev. R. J. Mockridge, Dennis Duckworth, R. Kennard	
LISTENER:	Davis, L. P. Elwell-Sutton, M. R. E. Gough, L. R. B. Elton,	
The Grip of Time ...	Jeanne Cooper Foster, Peggy Angus and Gladys Anderson,	
What They Are Saying (foreign broadcasts) ...	Beryl C. Pogson, J. Trenerry, and H. Tietze ...	249
YOU HEAR THAT? (microphone miscellany) ...	ART: The Courbet Exhibition in Paris (Alan Clutton-Brock) ...	254
SCIENCE: International Geophysical Year (Sir Harold Spencer Jones) ...	THE LISTENER'S BOOK CHRONICLE ...	255
MS:	CRITIC ON THE HEARTH:	
On a Textbook of Surgery (Roy Fuller) ...	Television Documentary (Reginald Pound) ...	260
The Drain (James Kirkup) ...	Television Drama (Philip Hope-Wallace) ...	260
ARCHITECTURE: The Language of Architecture (J. L. Martin) ...	Sound Drama (J. C. Trewin) ...	261
HISTORY: The Present in the Past (C. V. Wedgwood) ...	The Spoken Word (Martin Armstrong) ...	263
EDUCATION: The Idea of a Village College (Henry Morris) ...	Music (Dyneley Hussey) ...	263
CHURCH AND STATE—I. The Question of Conscience (Noël Annan) ...	MUSIC:	
RELIGION:	Two Eighteenth-century Composers of Opera (Eric Walter White) ...	265
A New Interpretation of the Gospels (R. H. Ward) ...	BROADCAST SUGGESTIONS FOR THE HOUSEWIFE ...	267
Poems in the Porch (John Betjeman) ...	CROSSWORD NO. 1,293 ...	267

The Fall of M. Mendès-France

By ANDRÉ FONTAINE

ONCE again, a French Cabinet has been overthrown. Usually it is an event of slight importance. Political crises in France often break out over minor disputes, almost impossible to understand abroad—or even at home. But this time the debate was tense and dramatic, and the issue of major importance. The fall of Pierre Mendès-France has far-reaching implications. Of course a number of deputies have merely seized the opportunity to wipe old scores. If they had failed, they could have had another try and had it soon. But it was not by accident that the Government fell upon this peculiar North African issue, after a discussion during which the Prime Minister had been under heavy crossfire from nearly all benches of the National Assembly.

North Africa raises for any Frenchman a tremendous political and moral problem which cannot easily be escaped. On the one hand, we had 17,000,000 Moslems whose brothers, from Jakarta to Cairo, have reached, some of them recently and after long and bloody fights, full independence. When Britain has to leave Egypt, how can France hope to keep colonies inside the Arab world? When Libya, which, from various points of view, is so far from being a state, is granted, in theory at least, complete freedom, how can France refuse to give the same rights to Tunisia, which is a much more modern country?

There is, on the one hand, the right of any people to be master and owner of their land, and the general trend towards independence. On the other hand, there are historical and sociological facts. In the three countries of which North Africa consists, there live about as many French people as there are English in New Zealand. They settled over here long ago and feel this land is theirs. They have done a great deal to improve and modernise this area, and they feel somehow betrayed when they think that the revolutionary ideals taught in the French schools were probably the main factor in the birth of a nationalist and revolutionary spirit among the Moslems. Just as the Viet-Minh leaders are almost all former students of our law and arts faculties, so the men who rule the Destour or P.P.A. movements have been brought up in the French belief in the necessary emancipation of all peoples.

In any case, French North Africans think they have a right to stay and want to stay. They certainly will resist in the future, as they have

done until now, any measure tending to a diminution of their privileges, even if, on objective standards, these privileges seem out of date. To take a concrete example, you cannot ask a French colonist to rely upon an entirely native police for his security, when there are so many individual crimes, nearly every day, which are obviously directed only against the French being in Africa.

There are more French inhabitants in North Africa than in any French city except Paris. No wonder that they play an equal role on the political stage. No government can dare to ignore them. When M. Mendès-France built his Cabinet he took in the Mayor of Algiers. When he felt imperilled, he added also the Mayor of Oran. And the individual responsible for the fall of the Government is René Mayer, a well-known former Prime Minister who is Deputy for Constantine and virtually represents the interests of the French colonists. As long as he tolerated the presence of M. Mendès-France who, paradoxically enough, is a member of the same Radical Socialist Party, the Cabinet was safe. When he changed his mind, the Cabinet was sentenced to death.

There is certainly much to say about the method of some colonists and industrialists in North Africa, who behave as the only masters of the country, considering deputies in Paris as their representatives, civil servants in Africa as their employees, and colonial police which are, in common with any colonial police, a very brutal force, as devoted essentially to the safeguarding of their own interests. The Prime Minister himself quoted the *excès horrible* to which M. Mauriac drew public attention. But at the same time it is clear enough that without North Africa there is no chance at all for France to remain a Great Power. During the last war, Algiers was for two years the capital of a Free France and the base where a new army was trained for the liberation. This lesson has not been forgotten. You cannot think of any defence problem today without considering North Africa. In the days of long-range bombing, North Africa is the only French territory safe enough to keep a military industry worth the cost. In the days of *Blitzkrieg* you have to think of Algiers as an alternative capital in case of mischance. Moreover, when the ground and underground of France is almost completely explored, so that it is not easy to think of any real improvement in living standards with simply the help of French

resources, tremendous prospects of industrial development seem to rise in Algeria and Morocco. The future of France is, no doubt, on the other side of the Mediterranean.

The result of this is that French and Arabs have to find out a way of living together, of coexisting. Nearly everyone agrees on this principle, on both sides. The trouble begins when you have to agree not only on principles, but on a statute setting down in legal form the rights of the two peoples of North Africa. Every time, since the liberation, the Government thought of giving more rights to the Moslems, you could hear protests from the colonists. And they were right when they said that every time you give something to the Arabs they ask for more. It is rather easy to speak of all this when you are comfortably seated in a chair. It is not the same when, working to feed and bring up your family, on land your father or grandfather worked to buy, you have to face a daily menace and be threatened with losing some of your rights. Arguments drawn from historical philosophy are of light weight with people who fear for their life, their goods, and their future.

Economic and Moral Problem

But the situation is not exactly the same in the three territories of North Africa. In Algeria, Arabs are French citizens and the country, though it has had since 1947 a special statute, is a part of metropolitan France. The problem is less political than economic and moral. Moslems have not really enjoyed, so far, the equality promised them. If they lose any hope of obtaining this equality within the French framework, they will join the small minority who repeat that the only solution is a free Algerian republic. But, at the same time, if the French Government goes too far on the road of reform, there are many French colonists who would favour secession from Paris and the constitution of a semi-racial state on the South African model.

In Tunisia, on the contrary, a Government already exists—with authority in a number of sectors. After a long stalemate, a new Cabinet was constituted as the result of the spectacular visit of M. Mendès-France to Tunis, during which he granted the country a full internal autonomy. This visit, coming a few days after the happy end in Geneva and at a time when the French Prime Minister was immensely popular all the world over, was remarkably successful. M. Mendès-France had a large majority in the Assembly to support his promises. Two years before, it had been impossible to gather any majority for any policy regarding Tunisia, so that the 'Tunisian issue' had become synonymous with a problem to which various solutions are being put forward without any chance of being adopted. Since then, negotiations have taken place between the two Governments to determine the rights of both sides in the various spheres.

When M. Mendès-France was overthrown last week, talks were not yet concluded. But they were reaching a successful end. What will happen now? The M.R.P., who voted against the Prime Minister, claims that it will continue along the same lines. But there is no prospect of building a new Cabinet agreeing on this policy. The only way was to vote for the previous Government. Days of a liberal policy in North Africa seem now over for a time, and any head of government, however sincerely liberal himself, will have to take into consideration the imperatives of the right-wing colonists. It is true for Tunisia, it is truer for Morocco, where terrorism made a new start at the very time the debate was opened in the Palais-Bourbon, and where there is no prospect of agreement with the nationalists, as long as no solution has been worked out in Tunisia. So, the more you think of it, the more you wonder why the M.R.P., born of the resistance movement, which so often claims to be the party of the revolution through law, a party of progress, advocating social justice and mutual understanding, joined the worst reactionaries to kill the best hope of reform and political rebirth France has known since the days of liberation. The conspiracy which overthrew M. Mendès-France seems to have nothing in common with the leaders of the Christian Democrats. In its ranks you find all the privilege-holders, all the beet producers, lorry owners, big industrialists and conservatives, who feared in M. Mendès-France the man who wanted to change things and to improve an old-fashioned economic system.

To understand anything about it, you have to go back to the dramatic German rearmament question and the harm it did to France. In spite of the fact that M. Mendès-France had always fought their Indo-Chinese policy, it would have been possible for the M.R.P. leaders to be reconciled with M. Mendès-France if he had supported E.D.C. He did not, thinking the treaty had no chance of being approved. Later, when he asked them to ratify the London and Paris agreements, he lost the support of a number of deputies who had voted against E.D.C.

because they were opposing German rearmament unless after a n attempt to negotiate with the east. Because Washington and Lond made it clear that they did not want such a discussion and were ready rearmed Germany, against the French will if necessary, some of the resigned themselves to vote for the Paris agreements. But not all, a they did it with death in their souls. Disappointed to see that Ang American opposition had made it impossible for M. Mendès-France go on with the policy of 'parallel negotiations' with the east, whi he had advocated publicly three months ago, they lost their faith in hi

With the left wing voting against him because of his international policy, the centre because of the failure of E.D.C., and the right because of his North African policy—and because they fear the drastic steps promised in the economic field—M. Mendès-France was almost alone and his fall was certain. But he has always been alone in parliament. This regime does not tolerate men with outstanding character, men who are determined to accomplish something. This has already been seen in the past, with General de Gaulle, to whom M. Mendès-France is, in more than one respect, the successor. Though alone in parliament, M. Mendès-France is not alone in the country. He raised tremendous hopes. Some people have been so disappointed: those were the utopians, who always believe that things are so easy to settle. But many people, especially among the young, plainly realise what the man has done and do not think it would have been possible to do much more. They trust him. He trusts them. All the political future depends upon them.

Politicians will do anything to prevent his seizing power again, and if they resign themselves to letting him have another try it will be under pressure of events they feel unable to face, such as fighting North Africa, a prospect which, unfortunately, is not unlikely. No one in France or in the western world could hope for such an evil. What we may well expect, however, is that next year a new parliament will be elected, chosen among all those people in France who feel tired of a policy of immobility and pusillanimity covered by high-sounding speeches, a new parliament to promote a different regime, the evidence against this one being now complete.—*Third Programme*

China and Formosa

MOST OF THE NEUTRAL OBSERVERS in Peking—not only the Asian diplomats but also some of the western ones—said to me that the attitude of the Chinese Government towards the Nationalists must not be taken lightly. I think one of the reasons is that the Chinese are convinced that the United States will not dare move if they attack Formosa. Many times officials said to me: 'The Americans are bluffing. They did not intervene in Indo-China; they will not intervene in our civil war'. Then they added: 'And, what is more, their British allies will never let them take the risk of a world conflict to defend a government they don't even recognise themselves'.

The message of President Eisenhower to Congress must have been a cruel blow to the Chinese leaders. But as they are curiously ignorant of the occidental mentality and very badly informed on what goes on in the west, the events of Washington may not have convinced them. That is one of the main dangers of the present situation. But I do not believe that the Chinese are ready to attack Formosa in the immediate future. They have received from Russia enough military equipment to go into limited action. But it does look as though the actual offensive against the island of Yun Kiang is only the first step of a plan divided in three phases. The first is the conquest of the Tachen Islands. Then comes the attack against the coastal islands of Quemoy and Matsuen. Formosa's turn would come only later.

If by then there has been no official or tacit cease-fire, will the leaders of China be willing to risk a direct conflict with the United States? I doubt it. I think they will accept a reasonable offer which will give them the possibility of saving their face, or at least they will stop fighting if the nationalists are neutralised and pulled out of the coastal islands. I say this because the Chinese Government has set its mind on industrialising and modernising China. The Korean war has already slowed down this process. A direct conflict with the United States could not only destroy what this Chinese Government has already achieved, but overthrow it. What is more, Communist China is anxious to enter the United Nations not only because it would take away from Chiang Kai-shek his right to speak for China, not only for the sake of international prestige, but also because China would be less dependent on Russia.

ADALBERT DE SEGONZAC

—From a talk in 'At Home and Abroad' (Home Service)

Discovering Australia

By WYNFORD VAUGHAN-THOMAS

AS our flying-boat came in over the Australian coastline and the endless sprawl of Sydney started to unfold below, my fellow passenger, who claimed to know his Australia, pointed forward significantly: 'There it is. Three thousand miles of suburbia in the sun!' Indeed, my first sight of Australia and Sydney was startling. There was the harbour certainly, and there was the bridge—the one as blue and the other as bold as I had expected. No one had prepared me for those suburbs—rows of bungalows stretching as far as the eye could see until they were overwhelmed by the bush. This was where the diggers, the overlanders, the lean, lanky 'Aussies' of popular tradition lived—in these endless assembly-lines of 'Chez Nous', 'The Nook', 'Mon Repos'. Statistics had told me that nearly nine-tenths of Australia's total population lived in cities. Was there a real Australia to discover outside, or even inside, these great urban conglomerations?

I landed feeling that every step I took on Australian soil was going to destroy a legend for me. Had I come to a country which was a shell of superficial modernity and the great hollow emptiness of central Australia? I told me that the Australians themselves do not actually make it easy for you to discover Australia. Half defiantly, half defensively, they talk about their country. They are like the wharfie I met at Fremantle at the end of my journey. I had arrived at the dock with a mass of heavy equipment to be loaded on board. The ship was sailing in a few hours, but I had arrived in the middle of the sacred time known to the Australian wharfies as 'smoko'. I approached the wharfie and asked anxiously, 'Can you tell me who'll get these things on board?' The wharfie gazed reflectively towards the distant horizon. 'You', he said, and went on smoking. Yes, your discovery of Australia is entirely up to you. Australia is not one of those back-packing, button-holing countries that sell themselves to you from the moment you land. And as one who has now been button-holed all over the world, I prefer it that way. Besides, I was lucky. I had lived for the Royal Tour, when Australia had all its emotional fences down.

Australia shows you the personal flattery of thinking that you alone have discovered the real Australia. What is the first discovery you make as soon as you start your Australian journey? It is the size of the place. This is no mere country. It is a huge, sprawling, shirt-sleeved continent. All your major travelling must be done in terms of thousands of miles. The states are almost independent countries in themselves. As it once claimed that Australia is an archipelago formed by seven islands—all of which simply meant that it is a long, long way from the Cape York peninsula to — say — Hobart harbour. And that Western Australia is cut off by a 2,000-mile-wide desert-sea from Adelaide, Melbourne, and the east. There are profound differences in thought and



'The Australians take aeroplanes as we take buses': an Australian cattle-drover watching an airliner taking off at Tooraweenah

interests. Has the factory worker from Melbourne anything in common with the cattleman from the Kimberleys except a profound interest in the great Australian conversational gambit—the taste of the beer?

Strangely enough, Australia for all its size and its differences, gives you a feeling of ever-increasing unity today, mainly, I think, because of the way it has taken to the air. The Australians must be the most air-minded people on earth. They take aeroplanes as we take buses. The 400 miles into the city for shopping and back home in the afternoon is nothing to a rural Australian. The climate favours aviation, of course. But there is something about flying that suits the Australian and makes the airlines among the best in the world. In the out-back the light aircraft is king. Shall I ever forget the easy way the Mayor of Dubbo met my inquiry as to where I could see some Merino sheep. 'I've got a friend who owns a bit of dirt up the road. I'll run you out there'.

The friend turned out to be one of the biggest sheep owners in the Commonwealth, the piece of dirt a farm half the size of Surrey, and we 'ran out' to it in the Mayor's private aircraft. As we rose somewhat uncertainly from the ground, the Mayor grinned disarmingly at me. He said, 'I'm lucky today. I've just passed my pilot's certificate. You're my first passenger'.

But this air-mindedness of the Australians has one great asset for the visitor: you do get a chance to see a great deal of Australia in a short time. It was by constant air travel that I made the second discovery that thrilled me about Australia. It is a country of a strange, unique, natural beauty. There are patches of monotony in the out-back, I would agree, where your eye skids with pain towards a hori-



Adelaide, looking east along North Terrace. On the left are the university buildings

zon ruled so straight that the tin shacks of a distant homestead loom up like skyscrapers. But that is not the main impression I received. The bush is magnificent. Down in the south-western corner of Western Australia are the great Jarrah and Karri forests. These are trees which must be unrivalled outside the big trees of California. I stood in the very depth of the forest in a grove of Karri trees. The tree trunks soared up without a break for 100 feet before the first branches appeared, and then on, on again for another 150 feet. The foliage is thin and airy, so that the Karri forest is always filled with sunshine.

Another unique and strange landscape comes back to me—away in the so-called dead heart of Australia. This lies west of Alice Springs; the Alice, that town that has no right to be there, for this country is supposed to be desert. But the Alice is the gateway to the lost mountains of the centre, where colour runs riot and the very shape of the hills is like something borrowed from the surface of the moon. Is there a more extraordinary mountain than Ayres Rock? You can see it almost eighty miles away, rising out of the desert—it is like a mammoth pebble smoothed by the sea, a pebble 2,000 feet high. When the rare rains come the whole mountain turns itself into a giant waterfall throwing up spray like the smoke of a volcano. Then, deeper into the desert, you come to Mount Olga, a collection of savage rock-teeth, more than 2,000 feet high, all rose-red as if they stood in a perpetual sunset. But here you are entering a remote Australia indeed. Beyond Mount Olga lies the Aborigine country—this is stone-age Australia. It is not the Australia of the average Australian. For that we must turn back to the cities.

The cities can surprise the traveller, too. My surprise came because I had not expected them to be so fine. And I mean no disrespect to Australia in all this. My first view of cities in a new country was in America, and I found them ruthlessly grid-ironed in plan even if dynamic and bustling. Yet Australia's cities did not have that raw feel of the new city. They had grace. They had come to civilised terms with their surroundings. I think those founding fathers of Perth and Hobart, Brisbane and Adelaide had an eye for country. I will not discuss Melbourne and Sydney for everybody knows it would be madness for a visitor to judge between the two. The two cities love each other with that deep love that Glasgow feels for Edinburgh!

I will concentrate on neutral Adelaide. Here is a city which started right. Colonel Light, who made the first plan, may have had military defence in mind, but he has left the city girdled by the most magnificent ring of parks I have seen anywhere. Other cities talk of creating green belts. Adelaide started with hers from the beginning and has taken care to keep it. Maybe there is no great architectural masterpiece in the city but it gains character from its balconies. They are tending to disappear now. Buildings are more stream-lined. But in the old days scarcely a windjammer came in through Sydney Heads without its cargo of wrought-iron railings. They girdled the balconies of Adelaide, supported by elegant, ornate, iron pillars. They hold all the old romance of Australia for me. You can see them, in your mind's eye, crowded with bearded miners waiting for the coaches of Cobb and Co. and the mayor ready to proclaim a £600 reward for the capture of the notorious bushranger, Captain Thunderbolt.

Australia today is no place for balcony speeches. The cities, as I saw them, are—on the surface—fast-moving, Americanised. I deliberately say 'on the surface' for I am happy to report that as soon as you look below the surface the old Australia is still powerfully in control. Take the speech of the Australian. His linguistic fertility still owes nothing at all to the movies or to the U.S.A. or to Britain. It is something absolutely Australian. What could be better than the word 'drongo' for a limp, unenterprising person? You can almost see him hunch his shoulders and order a lemon-juice. Or the older-established word, 'wowser', for the man who sets up to be holier than thou. As a final condemnation, when you have described somebody as a 'no-hoper' could you go further? But your city dweller in Australia is not a limp sub-urbanite, either. Out of 'The Nook' and 'Mon Rep' all sorts of people have come: for a nation of 8,500,000 people Australia has thrown up a remarkable list of first-class figures in science and the arts—in music especially. This comparatively new continent has shown it can produce quality as well as quantity in surprising quarters. Let me chance my arm and proclaim an Australian achievement in a quarter where the world has not been willing to admit it: wine making.

Australian wine has not had a good press in Britain. Let me say there is also a good deal of bad wine in Australia—and wine-bars there are regarded as pretty low haunts in the social scale, frequented by 'no-hopers' in pursuit of what the Australians call 'plonk'. But there is no need to drink 'plonk', either in Britain or Australia. There are artists among the wine-makers in Australia. I met men in the Hunter River District, in the Barossa Valley in South Australia, who had the dedicated attitude of the good *vignerons* in France. They can, from time to time, produce a wine that can hold its head up in the finest wine companies. I have tasted some aged bottles in the presence of Australian wine lovers which I would like to put amongst the European pundits for their verdict. Maybe there is not much of it as yet, but it is coming so look to the future.

'Look to the future' is the theme of Australia. What she is now is nothing to what she will be. Who knows what is going to happen in twenty years' time? Oil? The good oil? Every mayor of every small town in the out-back is convinced it is there. New land still to be brought into cultivation? Any amount, as the new schemes develop. Can Australia double its population? Yes, it can. I look to Australia with excitement and hope, for I think at the end of my journey I have found that the 'real' Australia is the Australia now in construction. It is an exciting blueprint for the future.

I came away violently pro-Australian. Even the Australian hotel did not damp my enthusiasm, and, even for an experienced traveller, they take some facing. I know now the meaning of the terms 'Waltzing Matilda': a 'jolly-swagman' is a guest humping his own baggage up to the third floor while the porter listens to the results. A 'jumbuck' is the half-cold mutton that greets you as you join the rush through the swing-doors at 7 p.m. sharp. But who cares about such a small fly in the ointment? Australia has a future, whatever the Aussie may be, he is never a 'no-hoper'.

—From a talk in the Home Service

A Great Experiment in Government

The first of two talks by SIR IVOR JENNINGS on the Commonwealth

THE peoples of the United Kingdom have not yet fully realised that they are engaged on one of the greatest political experiments of all time. Nothing that was done in Greece or Rome, or India or China, bears comparison with it. Through the accidents of history our fathers became responsible for the welfare of many millions of people of diverse racial origin, speaking hundreds of different languages, observing a great variety of social conventions, following all the great religions of the world, exhibiting every kind of social and economic status from the most primitive to the most complex. The peoples of the United Kingdom are converting these peoples into a great community of free and independent nations.

The first stage of that development was easy because the peoples of the United Kingdom helped to populate Canada, Australia, New Zealand, and South Africa. The second stage was more difficult for

we had not studied how to convert India, Pakistan, Ceylon, and Burma into free nations. The third stage is in process of development. Before me, as I speak to you, is a list of the colonial territories for whose welfare the United Kingdom is responsible. They cover an area of nearly 2,000,000 square miles. They have a population of 77,000,000. No empire has ever borne such responsibilities as the British Empire. It has turned and is turning into a Commonwealth of free nations, and in its fringes have grown up, and are still growing up, a collection of free peoples whose history has been entwined with our own.

With one section of this collection my own experience has been mingled. Ceylon was the first of the crown colonies, in the technical sense, to achieve independence. The Ceylonese ministers thought that they needed technical advice; and, since I was employed in Ceylon, I was called upon to supply it. Consequently, I took part in the process

position. Since 1948 my part has been less active, but it has been possible to study the consequences and to examine how many mistakes were made in the process of transition. Meanwhile, our great neighbour, India, was being converted into two independent countries, India and Pakistan. We in Ceylon watched with sympathy and understanding a larger and more difficult process which had to be followed in those countries. Indeed, this talk is being recorded in Karachi, the capital of Pakistan, whence I am helping the Constituent Assembly in the last stages of its task. Not far away, as distances are in Asia, is the country which had the most difficult task of all, Burma.

British Constitutional Precedents

The B.B.C. has suggested that our experience in Asia should be examined in detail and placed on record so that people in the United Kingdom and in the colonial territories may understand the problems to be solved and the difficulties to be overcome. This I hope to do when I return to England next April. Meanwhile it may be helpful to explain the problem in general terms. First, however, I must take a precaution. Every country has problems peculiar to itself. Most of the problems now being faced in Pakistan are quite different from those faced in Ceylon eight years ago. History, geography, religion, and social convention are peculiar to each country; they create different problems; and they call for different solutions. It is therefore impossible to transfer the experience of one country to another. On the other hand, all the countries of the Commonwealth share a common tradition derived from England. The one constitution with which everybody is familiar is that of the United Kingdom. Ever since the Canadians decided, in 1866, that their constitution should be, as they put it, 'similar in principle to that of the United Kingdom', a process of adaptation of the British Constitution has been going on in all parts of the Commonwealth. In that process a body of precedents has grown up. Forced into a new problem, one remembers that there was a similar problem elsewhere solved more or less successfully. That precedent is brought out, its relationship to the environment in which it was created is analysed, the possibility of its application to a different environment is considered, and a possible solution to the new problems suggested. Most of the territories have another characteristic in common. They are usually what are called 'plural societies'. Their peoples are not homogeneous, like those of the United Kingdom. Often there are differences of race, religion, language, social convention, economic interest, and educational experience. At the one extreme may be primitive tribes still living in the stone age; at the other may be learned Brahmins or great Chinese scholars. These problems of a plural society are and still are among the most difficult in Asia and they are not less difficult in Africa, the West Indies, or even the Mediterranean. It must not be thought that these problems can be solved by the use of similar constitutional devices. On the contrary, every problem has to be thought out afresh in terms of its environment. Much of what I shall say about Asia will be inapplicable elsewhere. Where there are Indians and Ceylonese, for instance, we find the problem of caste; yet caste is only a traditional and social differentiation, and in most parts of the Commonwealth social differences exist which may have to be handled as Asia has been handling the problem of the scheduled castes.

What is more, it is plain that nobody can solve the problem of India unless he knows something about the structure of the Hindu society which has grown out of 5,000 years of tortuous history. It is not merely a question of religion. It is seldom realised, for instance, that the joint family system might easily have developed in Europe, for the germs are to be found in the Roman law. It happens that these germs never developed, and that the break-up of the Roman Empire led to the fusion of the Roman law and Germanic custom in the feudal system. Our English feudalism was perhaps the most Germanic and the least Roman. We still have a feudal monarchy and our social structure has been profoundly influenced by the primogeniture which grew out of English feudalism. There is nothing about the joint family system in the Indian constitution, and yet that constitution has to apply to a joint family system. We must therefore be wary of applying British precedents. Indeed, in cognate fields we have already seen the Indian constitutional lawyers make one serious mistake. They applied to India an idea of fundamental liberty which is clearly founded on western individualism and then found that they had prevented the Indian states from carrying out an essential part of the Congress policy, the abolition of the Zamindari, or landlord, system. Fortunately, they were able to amend the constitution, but it is better not to make

mistakes of this kind. If the Indian lawyers could make such a mistake, it would be appreciated how easy it is for experts from outside, who know too little of the social system for which they are legislating, to make even greater blunders.

The adaptation of constitutional form to the local environment has another aspect. One must not assume that the British formula can be applied without modification. For instance, the western democracies, and British in particular, assume that democracy implies election by ballot for single-member constituencies, each of which is roughly equal in size. That is put in the formula 'one man, one vote, one value'. But that formula is a product of British history. The House of Commons, as its name implies, used to represent communities, counties, and boroughs which were given equal representation notwithstanding wide disparities of population and wealth. It was not an unreasonable or unrepresentative system in the reign of Queen Anne. It would have been unrepresentative in the reign of Queen Victoria and it would be absurd in the reign of Queen Elizabeth II. Even the family is no longer a unit, because we regard the husband, the wife, and the adult sons and daughters as individual persons in their own right. In Asia or Africa the family, the tribe, or the community may still be the unit which requires and deserves representation; and the way to secure the representation may be not by ballot but by the traditional methods which have been used for hundreds or thousands of years. The clearest example is the nomadic tribe which follows the rain because it has to provide pasture for its sheep, goats, cattle, or camels. It is useless to think of a British precedent, because we have not had to solve that problem since the reign of Alfred the Great. The question is not how a stockbroker or a lawyer or a journalist can get votes among the tribesmen, but how the tribe can play a part in the government of the country to which it belongs. Clearly, we begin by throwing overboard all the formulae of the British constitution.

Fortunately we are a pragmatic people. When we have a practical problem we try to find a practicable solution. We have prejudices but, in the sense of the constitutional lawyers, we have no principles. We do not, for instance, start from some such principle as the sovereignty of the people. We do not ask what is sovereignty, nor who are the people: we simply say that a nomadic tribe ought somehow to be brought into the system of government and therefore that we must find some means of doing it. The result is a remarkable series of experiments. No two territories have the same, or even similar, constitutional histories. We do not fit development into a formula; we invent a formula to suit the development. The success of the British constitution itself is due to this characteristic; from age to age it adapts itself to the environment. In following the same practice we have converted an Empire into a Commonwealth whose characteristics are continually changing. Mistakes are, of course, made. The American revolution was not inevitable; the handling of the Irish problem was unskilful; better solutions could no doubt have been discovered in India, Egypt, and Palestine. A policy of progress by improvisation is not necessarily a good policy.

Adaptation to Environment

The chances of success are nevertheless considerable because there is adaptation to environment. To keep the Dominions within the Commonwealth and yet to give them independence we created the concept of common allegiance to the Crown. When India wanted to become a republic and yet to remain within the Commonwealth we created an exception, in which we expressed not common allegiance but 'free association'—a formula which appeared in the Balfour declaration of 1926. For the rest of the Commonwealth, common allegiance remained the formula; but that, too, was quietly changed in 1952. The Queen appeared as Queen of Canada and Queen of Ceylon, but also as Head of the Commonwealth.

What device will have to be invented to meet the problem raised in Africa, the West Indies, the Mediterranean, and the Far East, we do not know. There is, however, a constant process of experimentation, and the pace of development is extremely rapid. In the report of the colonial territories for the year 1953-1954 there is a list of eighteen constitutional developments. They are not all in the direction of self-government. Among them are included a constitutional crisis in Uganda and the suspension of the constitution of British Guiana. Nevertheless, the Colonial Empire is on the road to disappearance, as such, and soon very little of it will be left. Our most urgent problem is to find means to overcome the difficulties of the last stage, the transition from representative government to responsible government. Here too much experimentation is going on.—*Third Programme*

The Listener

All communications should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.1. The articles in THE LISTENER consist mainly of the scripts (in whole or part) of broadcast talks. Original contributions are not invited, with the exception of poems and short stories up to 3,000 words, which should be accompanied by stamped addressed envelopes. The reproductions of talks do not necessarily correspond verbatim with the broadcast scripts. Yearly subscription rate, U.S. and Canadian edition: \$5.00, including postage. Special rate for two years: \$8.50; for three years: \$11.50. Subscriptions should be sent to B.B.C. Publications, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, England, or to usual agents. Entered as second-class mailing matter at the Post Office, New York, N.Y. Trade distributors within U.S.A., The Eastern News Company

The Grip of Time

LORD ACTON advised the historian: 'Resist your time—take a foothold outside it'. In his opinion, as a recent critic has pointed out*, history has the function of bridging the gap between the real and the ideal. In other words, a historian after presenting the facts of the past impartially and even sympathetically, should then step back and deliver judgements based on immutable standards. This is asking a great deal. Miss C. V. Wedgwood in a broadcast talk last week (which is published on another page) had some sensible things to say about the writing of history. She points out how exceedingly difficult it is for a writer to ignore the context of his own times. He is in the grip of the *Zeitgeist*, of contemporary events, of his own political or sociological upbringing. Moreover the writing of history is based on a selection of facts. And the very selection is determined by sympathy or a line of approach. The late Professor Collingwood is quoted by Miss Wedgwood: 'Historical knowledge is the re-enactment in the historian's mind of the thought whose history he is studying'. Even if a narrow subject or a brief period is taken for study, much has to be omitted. It is true that modern novelists (Virginia Woolf, for example) have illuminated a single day in life by imagining almost every thought in it. But a series of days in the life of a real Mrs. Dalloway would be boring and meaningless.

Nevertheless the majority of professional or university historians would probably be reluctant to admit that history is not impersonal. Are not the pages of *The English Historical Review* filled with completely objective evaluations? If one did not know the author of each of its articles would one be any less wise or suspicious of his predilections? And again it could be argued, one supposes, that it is only on certain subjects or periods of history that an author's own outlook has any real significance. The Reformation and the French Revolution lend themselves to the play of modern prejudice, but can this equally be said of a study of the Dark Ages or Ancient Rome? The answer here is that it can. No one but an eighteenth-century gentleman of leisure could have portrayed the Roman Empire as Gibbon did, and no one but a nineteenth-century Radical could have written of Greece in the manner of Grote. Nor is the Whig interpretation of history confined to Lord Macaulay. Miss Wedgwood in fact does well to blow the gaff on scientific history. The handling of its materials is not in the least comparable with what is done in the physical sciences. Not only is the historian who is worth his salt an artist but he is usually part of the scene that he himself describes.

Should historians then avow their outlook from the start? Or ought they, as Lord Acton wished, to expound in the very presentation of their subject the moral standpoint they wish their readers to accept? Acton, for example, thought murder one of the worst crimes in the calendar and would not praise any statesman who ordered or connived at it. He would not tolerate the realism of the eighteenth century or have allowed the cynicism of the twentieth. However not all historians have such pronounced views: many make allowances for the accidental or the contingent. Others would say that whatever the difficulties of his craft, the historian is not called upon to deliver any kind of moral judgements whatsoever. That appears to be the point of view of Professor Herbert Butterfield who would leave the Judgement Day to God. But this also is a counsel of perfection. It would seem to be better to recognise, as Miss Wedgwood does, that the historian cannot eliminate his own personality, that he must have a point of view which influences his story, without it history would be pretty uninteresting.

* Lionel Kochan. *Acton on History*. Deutsch, 12s. 6d.

What They Are Saying

Foreign comments on China and Formosa

MANY WESTERN NEWSPAPERS have expressed their views on China refusal to attend the Security Council to discuss a cease-fire in the Formosa area. The Swiss *Journal de Genève* had this comment:

In the present circumstances, it is evident that the fate of Formosa is unlikely to be settled on the political plane. Nevertheless, talks may come about on ending the fighting for some of the off-shore islands occupied by the Nationalists. These islands have always belonged to China, and their evacuation and return to China would be normal. In that case, the two sides would be separated by the entire width of the Formosa Straits and a cease-fire would follow automatically.

The Italian newspaper *Il Corriere della Sera* observed:

Chou En-lai's demand that the Chinese Nationalist delegation be eliminated is an unsurmountable obstacle. The only hope for a solution lies in using a card which has so far been held in reserve—mediation in India.

The American press has been unanimous that the Chinese proposals are completely unacceptable. *The Washington Post* declared, for instance, that the Peking reply would bring demands for a tougher American policy, and that the main course of American policy should be to adhere to its declaration to defend Formosa and the Pescadore and to protect territories not legally belonging to Communist China.

Meanwhile both Soviet and eastern European radio commentators have continued to attack the attitude of the Western Powers towards the Formosa question. The Czechoslovak Home Service denounced American policy in these words:

One cannot occupy foreign territory, or establish in it aggressive military bases, and at the same time pretend that this is an act of peace or make the untenable claim that the occupation of foreign territory thousands of miles away from the U.S.A. is necessary for the defence of America. Hitler too, when he occupied Austria and Czechoslovakia claimed that in the interests of peace the new position must be accepted. Yet behind his claim was hidden the criminal intention to obtain recognition of his conquests and acceptance of his policy, aimed at world domination.

Moscow Home Service also castigated British policy:

Britain, despite her diplomatic relations with the People's Republic of China, is taking part in all the American provocations against the integrity of Chinese territory and against the security of the Chinese people. This attitude is most unseemly. The step taken by New Zealand to draw the U.N. into the aggressive plans of Washington is completely in line with the American scheme for turning the internal Chinese question of Taiwan into an international issue.

Pravda, in a comment along similar lines, maintained that the United States would not have embarked on what the newspaper called 'aggressive activities against the Chinese People's Republic' without British support. Finally, an east German commentator lumped the Formosa question and the Paris agreements together in this warning:

If the U.S.A. drops a spark into the Formosa powder-keg, New members would automatically become involved. If the Paris treaties should be ratified, the Americans could use German boys for the Far Eastern aggressions. The impudent U.S. attitude over Formosa should spur all Germans to redouble their efforts against the Paris treaties.

The fall of M. Mendès-France's Government was the subject of lengthy comments on Moscow Home Service. One commentator began:

The failure of the Government of Mendès-France—the supporter of the policy 'from the position of strength', and one of the authors of the agreements on the rearmament of western Germany—is the most convincing evidence that the French people resolutely reject the international, pro-American path pursued by the country's ruling circles.

After attributing the immediate cause of the Government's defeat to its alleged repressive policy in northern Africa, the commentator went on to say that the vote cast against Mendès-France was, in reality, a condemnation of his 'feverish attempts to impose upon France the Paris agreements on the restoration of the Hitlerite *Wehrmacht*'. The commentator added:

Even those bourgeois circles which are interested in the fulfilment of the Paris agreements do not wish to support Mendès-France; they consider that since he has completed his dirty work of dragging the French people into the agreements through the National Assembly he must go so that his odious figure should not continually bring to mind the new fall and humiliation of France.

Did You Hear That?

REWELL TO A THEATRE

WYNDHAM'S THEATRE ROYAL is to be demolished. CLAUDE WESTELL talks about its history in 'The Eye-witness'. 'Twice in its long history', he said, 'the theatre front in New Street has been burned down, and the present building, erected fifty years ago, is the fourth to stand there. Since 1840, 155 pantomimes have been presented.

In 1774, by the light of tallow candles, Richard Yates and His Majesty King George III's servants from the Theatres Royal in London opened the theatre with 'As You Like It'; Yates himself playing Touchstone and speaking an occasional prologue. It was not until 1807 that the Playhouse in New Street, as it had hitherto been called, became the Theatre Royal, and it should be noted that the most persistent petitioner for this granting of Letters Patent was the inventor, Matthew Boulton—a happy example of our finding a willing champion from the ranks of science and industry. The manager at this time was Macready, brother of the famous tragedian, who as a boy saw Mrs. Siddons on the stage there; he saw Lord Nelson there, with Lady Hamilton, who, we are told, applauded with both hands and kicked her heels against the front to augment the popular applause. Young Macready, too, while on holiday from Rugby School, saw the budding genius, Edmund Kean, whose rival he was later to become.

The most colourful and unpredictable of the managers was the ebullient Elliston, of whom Charles Lamb wrote: "Wherever Elliston walked, sat or stood still, there was the theatre". Then there was Philip Rodway, Birmingham through and through, and the last of the independent managers who, for twenty-five years, saw the theatre flourishing under the benison of the actor-manager in the heyday of the touring system.

During the twenty-five years of the present regime, I have paid nothing like 300 visits to this theatre in my capacity as a critic, and

the more mountainous regions of South Africa, and there are many controversial theories as to their origin, their age, and so on. However, it is definitely established that there are two general groups—the old art and the more recent art. Some people class the old art with the cave paintings of Europe, and there is an amazing similarity between our cave paintings and those in Spain, which go back 20,000 years. Perhaps ours are not as old as this, but some are certainly older than the pyramids of Egypt. The more recent art is definitely done by the bushmen, and includes pictures of the Bantu and the European with the cattle and horses introduced by them, therefore they cannot be more than about 400 years old. The style of the two arts is different, and shows that the early painters were more settled than the later bushmen. The early art is an art of reverence and is characterised by serene and



Two tracings by Miss Patricia Vinnicombe of rock paintings in South Africa; above, 'Three Shaded Polychrome Eland' from the Drakensberg area of Natal; left, 'A dance or myth' by a bushman from the same district



dignified shaded polychrome eland, sometimes showing amazing examples of perspective. The later art, on the other hand, is distinctly narrative; it is full of action, with exuberant little figures vigorously dancing, hunting, and fighting all over the rock surface. The colour areas are sharply defined and the composition of the groups is sometimes quite outstanding.

There is also a difference in the paint they have used. The earlier painters knew the secret of fixing the pigments so that sometimes the older paintings are in a better state of preservation than the more recent work. The actual colours were obtained from ochres and natural

ever have I failed to be aware of the friendly glow engendered by memories vague of half-forgotten things "nor true, nor false, but sweet to think upon". Fifty-two years ago, before the curtain fell for the last time within the old building, Charles Wyndham, in a speech of farewell, spoke of each brick being: "Instinct with its own proud memory, carrying hidden in its cells, burned in with the sacred fire of genius, every shade of tone and colour that has played its fitful light on these boards".

mineral earth, from charcoal and from bird droppings, but exactly what the fixative was we do not know. Certainly animal fat and urine were components of their paint, and blood, salt, milk, and eggs have all been suggested.

COLDER AND WETTER

Speaking in the Home Service about the weather that we had last year Dr. GRAHAM SUTTON, F.R.S., said: 'Recently, Dr. Glasspoole, of the Meteorological Office, has been looking at the weather for the past eighty years or so to see if it is possible to detect any general trends. Briefly, by drawing curves of what are called "ten-year moving averages" of temperature, sunshine, and rainfall for the whole country, the year by year changes disappear and only the broad features remain. It is something like picking out the main theme in a piece of music scored for a large orchestra. It is really too early to bring in 1954—to make certain, we need records for several years to come—but some interesting features of the main tune are beginning to show. The curves reveal that summer temperatures in England and Wales were, broadly, below average in the early years of the century, but increased fairly

EARLY AFRICAN ART

A view in the Imperial Institute in London are some forty tracings made by Miss PATRICIA VINNICOMBE of rock paintings in South Africa. These primitive works of art are to be found in the more mountainous regions of all four of the Union's provinces, but the district of Underberg—five to seven thousand feet above sea level, in the south-western corner of Natal—is especially rich in them. Miss Vinnicombe, who lives in Underberg, spoke of the history of the rock paintings in 'The Eye-witness'.

'These paintings', she said, 'are found fairly generally throughout

rapidly to a value above average in the 'twenties and are now falling again. The curve for summer rainfall had a large maximum in the final decades of the last century, which has not been reached again, but the curve, after oscillating a little about the average during this century, is now rising. The current trend in summer sunshine is towards lower values.

'Meteorologists call these long-period swings "trends", but I must put in a word of warning here. The fact that there are indications that the current tendency is towards cool, damp summers does not mean, for example, that next summer is bound to be dull'.

TRIBUTE TO FURTWÄNGLER

Paying a tribute to Wilhelm Furtwängler, who died last November, YEHUDI MENUHIN said in 'Music Magazine': 'Furtwängler was perhaps the last exponent of a tradition carrying us as far back as the Indians and the Greeks; a tradition of music as a hallowed link with divinity, with the Gods. As we all too tritely say, nothing is sacred today, but I believe something should be and some music should be. Furtwängler accomplished a sacred rite each time he conducted a Beethoven or a Brahms or a Bach work.

'Furtwängler had to be met, understood, and appreciated on his own ground. He explained himself badly. In fact, he was the last of an age that did not expect a man to be both creator and salesman at the same time. In listening to his music it is the impression of vast pulsating space which is most overwhelming. Compared with this infinity so many other conceptions seem wilful, arbitrary, narrow, and repetitive.

'For Furtwängler music was a world, a cosmos, which encompassed all others. He was really complete and himself only when immersed in this ethereal medium of pure energy and pure light. He almost suffocated when submersed within the day to day world, as would we if we were plunged in the ocean.

'As human beings we are said to have evolved the water medium into that of land and air, retaining the aqueous environment for all our inner functions. I maintain there is a further sphere, a third, beyond water and air: call it cosmic space, the realm of pure life and energy which a few human beings have penetrated. This is Furtwängler's realm, wherein he was prince and priest. He seemed to hold astronomical space in bond, and brought a vision of prophetic majesty wherein all trace of profane compulsion was absent. His music was sacred and obeyed an inspired compulsion beyond anything arbitrary or man-made. No commonplace motives, expedient or otherwise, could be found anywhere remotely associated with his music making'.

HOW TO BE A SUCCESS

'People warned me', said VICTOR ROSS in a Home Service talk, 'before I came to England. Whatever you do, they said, don't show off. Don't be too clever. It'll do you no good. I didn't believe them. Me not show off? None of my friends would recognise me!

'But they were right, you know! My first dinner party in London proved how right. It was an important occasion for me. My host was inviting all sorts of people who might be useful to me, and I intended to shine. Among the guests were a publisher, a Member of Parliament, authors, musicians, and their wives. I prepared for the evening by finding out what titles the publisher had launched during the last few months. I took the trouble of looking up the M.P.'s latest speech in the House although it meant going back thirteen years in Hansard; I even tried to discover which twelve notes the twelve-note boys were likely to talk about.

'I really think I was in good form that night. I listened and tallied in about the right proportions and kept the party greatly diverted. One of the ladies, in particular, was absolutely in stitches. Afterward I heard my hostess ask her what she thought of me. "Oh, that man," the lady said, recovering her breath, "He talks rather a lot, doesn't he?"

'I was never asked there again, nor indeed by any of the people who were so vastly entertained by me. But I learnt my lesson. Nowadays the moment I arrive at a party, I take out a book and read. As a result I am so much sought after that my social life would seriously interfere with my work if I didn't do a great deal of my work at parties. "Who's that man over there who hasn't said a word all evening?" hear them ask. "He's fascinating; do-introduce me!"

'It was the same with jobs. I remember an interview for a position as journalist on a weekly dealing with economic affairs. The editor saw me. "What do you know about economics?" he asked. Half an hour later, just as I was rounding off a sketchy summary of my qualifications, he interrupted. "Did you know that this job is mainly concerned with statistical information?" he asked. Now this was where

I really felt entitled to enlarge. Statistics had been my special subject at university. He received my news coldly. "It means reading a lot of material in foreign journals, mainly French and German", he said.

'When I told him that I spoke both German and French fluently and knew both countries well, he winced and shook his head. "Know anything about gold returns from central banks?" "Indeed I do, sir." I wrote an article on that very subject for an economic journal. By now he was openly hostile. "What games do you play?" he hissed. Truthfully I had to answer "Chess, and an occasional game of duplicate bridge". The job went to a rugger prodigy whose only previous connection with journalism was that he went through the sports pages every day during the season to see whether his name was mentioned'.

ROMANCE OF RAILWAYS

Speaking of the romance of railways in 'The Northcountryman', GEOFFREY TAYLOR said: 'Every journey poses questions which, you feel, will never be answered. On the line from Chester to Birkenhead

for example, the trains are timed to arrive at five of the stations one minute later on Saturdays. Why? Musicians can take a number of instruments with them, but someone has decreed that they cannot take a bass viol without paying excess. How many times have you heard a bass viol, and can you imagine anyone trying to load one into a passenger compartment? One of the regulations says that "workmen's tickets at half fare are not issued to children". Who thought that one up? It seems likely that these quirks, which are the real romance of the railways because they reflect on people and not just on machines, will shortly go to disappear.

'General Robertson said there was something of real importance in all this and that the Transport Commission was looking for a means of avoiding losing all the romance attached to the great iron horse. That is going to be difficult. Romance has to be a by-product. It cannot be built into an electrification scheme. You cannot have a Glamorgan Division of the Railway Executive. Things will of course continue to go wrong, and there are people who find romance in that. I recently travelled on the newly electrified line from Manchester to Sheffield for the first time by night, and there was no lighting in the coaches. I complained about this when we got to Guide Bridge and was told that the battery was flat. It did not seem particularly romantic at the time, but yet it was somehow characteristic of the railways that there should be ample electricity to haul twelve coaches up to Penistone but not enough to light the lamps'.



Dr. Wilhelm Furtwängler conducting the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra in a Beethoven concert at the Royal Albert Hall in 1948

The International Geophysical Year

By SIR HAROLD SPENCER JONES, the Astronomer Royal

TWICE within the past seventy-five years great international enterprises have been organised to make meteorological, magnetic, and auroral observations in the north polar region. The polar regions are of special importance for the study of the earth's magnetism, and the aurora. They are the storm centres of the globe and so have a great influence on world weather; it is there that the disturbances in the earth's magnetism, known as magnetic storms, are most violent, and that the most vivid and most frequent displays of the aurora are to be seen.

First Polar Observatories

In 1879 the International Meteorological Committee appointed a special commission to organise temporary observatories in the north polar region for one year, 1882-83, which is now known as the first International Polar Year. Many nations co-operated and the observations made at the temporary stations were co-ordinated with those made at permanent observatories in lower latitudes. Fifty years later a second International Polar Year was organised and during 1932-33 an extensive programme of observations was carried out at many temporary observatories in high latitudes, as well as at permanent observatories. The data collected during these two Polar Years provided much important information about the weather of the north polar area, and about the variations in the earth's magnetic field at different latitudes during normal quiet periods and during magnetic storms. The magnetic observations, in conjunction with the data from the permanent magnetic observatories, have provided a framework on which to base theories of magnetic storms and of the normal, daily, seasonal, and long-period variations of the earth's magnetic field. By the time that the second Polar Year was organised the importance for radio communications of the ionosphere (it is to say the ionized region high up in the atmosphere) had become realised. Radio waves below a certain critical frequency are reflected by the ionosphere and so made to travel round the curved surface of the earth instead of escaping into space. The programme of observations made during the second Polar Year was accordingly extended to include the investigation of the ionosphere by the use of radio. Many of the terrestrial phenomena studied in the branch of science called geophysics—the physics of the earth—are associated in some way with the sun and with events on the sun. They have consequently complex interrelationships which, for the most part, are still little understood. The sun provides the energy involved in the circulation of the atmosphere and in the production of thunderstorms, cyclones, and hurricanes; in the maintenance of ocean currents; and in the production of magnetic storms and aurorae. But the way in which the energy is transferred to the earth and the manner in which it is utilised are not at all clear.

Sunspots and their Effects

The sun has a cycle of activity with a period of about eleven years, in which the frequency of the appearance of sunspots increases from a minimum to a maximum and then dies away again. Closely correlated with the cycle of solar activity is the normal daily variation of the earth's magnetic field at any place. Magnetic storms are more frequent when sunspots are numerous, and a great magnetic storm often develops when a large sunspot is near the centre of the sun's disk. But there may be a large spot on the sun without a magnetic storm occurring and, on the other hand, a magnetic storm may develop when the sun is free from sunspots. So we cannot say that the sunspot causes the magnetic storm. A bright eruption or flare will often take place on the sun in the vicinity of a developing sunspot, and then there is a sudden blackout of all short-wave radio channels over the sunlit half of the globe. The most favourable wavelengths for long-range radio communication change with the seasons and throughout the sunspot cycle. The most intense displays of the aurora occur at the time of a great magnetic storm, and the frequency of the aurora fluctuates with the sunspot frequency.

In the past the earth has experienced warm periods and ice ages. At present it seems to be in a period of warming, which is shown by the progressive shrinkage of glaciers in recent years, during which there has also been a progressive rise in the level of the Great Lakes in North America, increasing drought in the south-west states of the U.S.A., and increasing rainfall along the west coast of Scotland. Slow changes of climate may cause a change of storm paths and a redistribution of rainfall. These evidences of climatic change must be associated in some way, which is not yet understood, with the energy reaching the earth from the sun.

Because of the many relationships between various terrestrial phenomena and their general association with solar phenomena, and because various new methods of investigation have been developed since the second Polar Year, the suggestion was made some four years ago that a third Polar Year should be organised for a concerted attack on the many problems that need to be solved. The proposal was endorsed by the three international scientific unions primarily concerned, those of Astronomy, Scientific Radio, and Geodesy and Geophysics. The recommendations of these unions were approved by their parent body, the International Council of Scientific Unions, which widened the scope of the scheme to cover the whole globe instead of being confined to the polar regions and gave it the title of the 'International Geophysical Year'. An international committee was appointed to develop the plans for the enterprise and has decided that the International Geophysical Year shall extend from July 1957 to December 1958, so that the 'year' will be one of eighteen months. It will thus follow the second Polar Year by twenty-five years. That this great international scientific enterprise should be needed so soon after the second Polar Year is an indication of the pace with which science is advancing.

A Vast Scheme

The planning for such a vast scheme must necessarily start some years ahead. The proposals for setting up temporary observing stations, many of which will be in regions of the earth that are remote, inhospitable, and difficult of access, will have to be considered by the nations concerned. Many special instruments will have to be made, and scientists will have to be selected and trained to man the stations and to make the observations. So 1957-58 is about the earliest for which the scheme could be organised. This epoch has one great advantage: last year the sun passed through a minimum of activity and by 1958 its activity should be at or near a maximum. Large spots, as well as bright eruptions, are likely to occur frequently, so permitting the terrestrial effects associated with these phenomena to be studied. The second Polar Year, on the other hand, came at a time of minimum activity.

For the investigation of the relationships between solar and terrestrial phenomena the sun will be kept under observation by all the observatories and institutions engaged in solar investigation. For some years a co-operative scheme has been in existence whereby each observatory undertakes to observe the sun for a certain period of the day, weather permitting, so that a fairly continuous watch is kept on the sun. These normal hours will be extended to ensure that, as far as is possible, the sun is under observation throughout the whole twenty-four hours of each day. The sun will be observed visually, by photographing, and by radio. At some observatories photographs will be made automatically on cinema film at short intervals throughout the day. The general magnetic field of the sun and the large localised fields associated with sunspots and other disturbed areas will be measured regularly. The sun's corona will be kept under observation at high-altitude observatories. It is of great importance that the various geophysical observations should be made at times when a bright eruption or other major disturbance occurs on the sun. But they cannot be predicted in advance, though it is possible to state a few days ahead that a disturbance is likely to develop. Arrangements are therefore being made to issue a warning, or alert, to observers through communication networks, so that they will be in readiness.

Special methods of observation will be used to supplement observa-

tions from the ground. Balloons, which will ascend to heights up to about twenty miles, will be widely used and will carry either recording equipment or equipment that will telemeter information back to the ground. They will provide information about the density, pressure and temperature of the atmosphere, and about the velocities of the wind at different heights. They will also be used to provide information about the flux of cosmic rays at these heights.

Use of Rockets

Important additional data will be obtained by the use of rockets, which can carry 150 lb. of equipment to heights of about 125 miles, and by using 'rockoons' (the name given to the smaller rockets launched from aircraft or from balloons), which carry 50 lb. of equipment to heights of about fifty miles. The rockets can be used to find out about the electric currents high up in the atmosphere that are the cause of some of the observed variations in the earth's magnetic field. They will pass through the ozone layer which, by absorbing the far, ultra-violet radiation from the sun, protects the earth from its damaging effects. The height and extent of this layer will be measured. On passing through it the spectrum of the sun in the far, ultra-violet region will be photographed. Information will be obtained about the various ionized layers in the ionosphere. The temperature, density, pressure, and composition of the atmosphere and the wind velocities at great heights will be measured. The rocket observations will also contribute information about cosmic rays. Photographs of the earth's surface from balloons, rockoons, and rockets will give information about the distribution of cloud, snow, and ice over large areas of the globe. As the incoming solar radiation is strongly reflected by cloud, snow, and ice, their amount and distribution may be associated with large-scale variations in our weather.

All observatories and institutions that regularly make geophysical observations will observe more intensively throughout the geophysical year, and in accordance with the recommendations of the International Committee, so as to get as much useful data as possible. But there are considerable gaps between these permanent stations: so plans for temporary stations to fill such gaps have been drawn up with a view to the special programmes of observation planned to be carried out during the geophysical year.

Three regions of the globe are of special importance in many geophysical investigations: the Arctic, the Antarctic, and the equatorial belt. The Antarctic is a large continent, lying almost entirely within the Antarctic circle and covered with a huge mass of ice. It is the coldest and windiest region of the globe. I have already referred to its importance for world weather; its influence on the circulation of the atmosphere and on the water in the oceans must be great. The aurora australis has hardly been studied at all and the southern zone of maximum auroral frequency has not been properly mapped. It is important to find out if the aurora australis differs in its characteristics from those of the aurora borealis. The long winter of the antarctic continent, with a prolonged absence of sunlight, will enable the physical characteristics of the ionosphere to be studied. I have already mentioned the importance of the polar regions for geomagnetic observations.

In the antarctic region, eleven stations on the continent or below the Antarctic Circle and ten on the surrounding islands have been planned, or indeed are already in operation; one of these stations will be at or near the South Pole. It is hoped that arrangements can be made for a further eight stations to be established to fill the more important gaps. Never before will the Antarctic have been so well populated.

The arctic region is favourably situated for observing the auroral zone. Much of it lies in or adjacent to Soviet territory, and it is gratifying that the Soviet Union has agreed to co-operate fully in the observations made during the Geophysical Year. Greenland is a region of special interest, as it lies within the auroral belt and extends from near the north magnetic pole almost to that belt. It is hoped that several stations will be established in Greenland for the Geophysical year.

Airglow in Equatorial Regions

The equatorial region is an important one for investigating the earth's magnetism, the ionosphere, the airglow, and cosmic rays. We have recently come to believe that high up in the atmosphere electric currents circulate round the magnetic equator and that they are the cause of those changes in the magnetic field that are greatest at places on or near the magnetic equator. Several temporary stations in this region are planned for investigating how the magnitude of these changes

depends upon the latitude north or south of the magnetic equator. Observations in equatorial regions of the so-called airglow are now needed. This airglow is the faint intrinsic light of the night sky, whose brightness depends upon the latitude and upon the sunspot cycle, which also varies through the night and through the year. Its relationship with the aurora, if there is any, needs to be investigated.

In meteorology the principal subject to be investigated is the circulation of the atmosphere and its transport of angular momentum and energy. With the alternation of summer and winter there is a transfer of air backwards and forwards between the two hemispheres; when it is summer in either hemisphere the air becomes heated and expands into the other hemisphere. The movements of these air masses are influenced by the rotation of the earth, so the problem of the circulation of the atmosphere at different heights is very complicated. During the Geophysical Year, chains of stations will be established along the meridians of 80 degrees W, 10 degrees E, and 140 degrees E, which have been selected because they pass through or near major land masses. The observations at these stations will be combined with data from balloons and rockets to provide information for the study of the circulation of the atmosphere.

The programme for the Geophysical Year will also include a wide programme of determinations of longitude and latitude. The seasonal displacements of large air masses tilt the earth's axis slightly, causing an annual variation in observed latitudes; the seasonal changes in the angular momentum transported by the winds are compensated by corresponding changes in the angular momentum of the earth itself, so that there is a seasonal variation in the rate of rotation of the earth and hence of measured longitudes. These effects will be investigated in conjunction with the meteorological data. The observed times of reception of time signals will provide information of importance to the radio physicist about the velocities of long and short radio waves and their dependence upon conditions in the ionosphere.

"Regular World Days"

For some purposes it is desirable to have simultaneous observations of all the interrelated phenomena, so two days in each month, known as Regular World Days, have been selected for concentrated observations at all stations. One of these days will be at new moon, the other at or near quarter moon. Some additional World Days have been added because of an eclipse of the sun or of expected meteoric activity. For the investigation of atmospheric movement some periods longer than a day are necessary, so during each quarter an interval of consecutive days, to be known as a World Meteorological Interval, will be selected for intensive meteorological observation.

The alert, when unusual solar activity appears probable, will be a warning to observers that a period of special concentrated observations is likely to be declared within four to six days. At least twelve hours notice will be given if observations are to be started, in what is termed a Special World Interval, and they will then be continued until ended by an all-clear notification.

The International Geophysical Year will be the largest scheme of international co-operation in science that has ever been planned. Success is assured, for the co-operation of thirty-six countries, including the Soviet Union, has already been promised. It will undoubtedly greatly add to knowledge and cannot but help materially in the solution of many problems in geophysics.—*Third Programme*

On a Textbook of Surgery

Dear fellow-humans, what
Inhuman deformities
And highly-coloured growths
Your colourless flesh can suffer!

Keepers of fish in ponds
Sometimes clip off with scissors
The fungus that exudes
From those dumb swimming creatures.

I would not, myself, keep fish.
Or, if compelled, would at
The term of their bright youth
Kill or not visit them.

ROY FULLER

The Language of Architecture

By J. L. MARTIN

MORE than twenty years ago I sat in a lecture theatre—in the third row from the front, to be exact. I was listening to a steady flow of thought, couched in well-rounded and distinguished sentences, and punctuated from time to time by the little asides, almost conversational in tone, with which the speaker brilliantly illuminated his ideas. He was in fact that venerable man, Samuel Alexander. I am not competent to assess the lasting value of Alexander's great work, *Time, Space and Deity*, which had then been published. But I can at least speak about the byways of his thought, and the stimulus which he gave to people like myself when he lectured, as he did from time to time, on my own field of aesthetics and architecture.

Let me give an example from Herbert Spencer's lecture delivered at Oxford in 1927. There is at the outset his re-examination of Burke. First, a generous reference to his contribution. Then the statement that perhaps brings a start of surprise. Burke's failure, says Alexander, is that 'he began with beauty and the sublime in natural objects'. 'We have', goes on, 'to enquire first to the beauty of art in order to understand the beauty of nature'. Beauty in art is the product of human impulses and instincts: it is an outgrowth from the instinct to construct: it is the human manifestation of what is rooted in the instincts of the bird, the beaver, and the bee. But the beaver's acts are instinctive. The crab, not finding the material to build a house to conceal itself, may cover itself with bits of grass through which it can be seen. In human construction there is knowledge of the purpose and the end to be secured. When this instinct becomes humanised; that is one step. But beauty exists when constructiveness involves contemplation. That is a second step. If the beaver knew why he constructed his dam and would adapt his construction for different purposes, he would be a technician. But if he could build in such a way that he considered also the resulting forms for their own sakes, he would be an architect.

Architecture, Alexander said, is the most necessary art, and, on another occasion, he asked the questions that interest me particularly now. Was it not possible, he asked, that the great mass of architecture, with its link to practical purpose, should be the same kind of art as good prose writing? Could there not be, he suggested, two kinds of architecture, rooted in a common language, the one neither better nor worse than the other but each appropriate for its particular purpose—a prose and a poetry? To many, I am afraid, this will seem to be an unnecessary and dangerous distinction—so it seemed to me then. It is not difficult to see why. Most architects of my generation have been trained to think of architecture purely as a 'fine' art—a kind of visual poetry, in fact—and not as a language of form which can be used for different purposes. Proportion and form were matters of individual choice. Proportion, the theorists said, was infinite in its variety. Beauty lay in the eye of the beholder. We had lost the classical conception of beauty as a series of ordered relationships. Each building was to be an entirely personal work of art. We were to construct like poets—unfortunately we were not taught the language in which our poetry had its roots.

I remember, for instance, the reference books of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries. They were in the main reference books to detail. They illustrated the individual Georgian houses, the window details, the porticos, the staircases, the railings. These were the exemplars, the ready-to-hand detail which the architect used or developed in his own individual, inimitable fashion. If we compare this method of looking at Georgian building with a more recent work—for example, with Mr. John Summerson's *Georgian London*—we find, I think, quite a different attitude of mind. We find an emphasis on the overall picture. Take this, for instance, on the London house:

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The size and shape of the London house have been conditioned from the first by the economic need to get as many houses as possible into one street. Georgian London was a city made up almost entirely of these long narrow plots with their tall narrow houses and long narrow gardens or courtyards. Practically the whole of the population of London lived in one version or another of such houses. A handful of aristocrats had their isolated palaces, the unemployable and criminal classes had their centuries-old rookeries, but the re-



'Narrow slices of building' forming a typical London street. Each house has two windows in its width, and it is the arrangement of these simple elements that gives the street its dignified character



Superimposed maisonettes, built by the L.C.C. at Kensington. A wide range of treatment is being developed for such buildings: in this example the living-room and bedroom window patterns alternate on each floor

mainder from earls to artisans had their narrow slices of building. There in a few sentences is the stuff out of which the dignified architectural achievement of Georgian building was constructed. And the element which we observe and which is stressed by Summerson is not diversity of taste and effort, but the common problem. I would go further and say that it is a common problem solved in terms of architecture through the medium of a language of form which is clearly understood and competently and freely used by builders, craftsmen, and architects.

Inspired Prose

If we think of architecture as a language, these Georgian streets and squares could be described, to use Alexander's ideas, as workmanlike, competent, and at times inspired prose. The city churches, on the other hand, with their greater imaginative content, might by comparison fall into the category of works of poetry. By introducing this comparison, I am not suggesting that there should be an inferior kind of architecture. I am simply saying that there can be in architecture two types of expression which are different in kind: and that the architect, like the writer, can choose for his work the type of expression which is most appropriate. I am not saying that architecture cannot on occasion be as moving and as charged with content as poetry. But simply that in the great mass of building today the attempt to do this is inappropriate and usually inept. For the great mass of architecture in our towns and cities has its forms quite rightly rooted in practical purpose. When the poet writes for practical purpose he uses prose. It seems to me clear that the bulk of architecture should be properly 'prose'. I say 'should be': but, of course, both prose and poetry grow from a commonly understood language. The difficulty is that I am not at all sure that we can share such a language. The commonly accepted vernacular of tradition has gone—we have to create a language as we build.

Last summer I happened to visit a French town. It was not a large town: its principal industry was fishing. Some parts of it had been rebuilt since the war: some houses here and a canning factory there. The traditional materials were used, the masonry walls were white-washed, the windows followed traditional proportions. A tiny, dark-grey slate gave a pattern like a fish-net to the roofs, the canning factory chimney was bright-red brick. None of this building would find its way into the text books of architectural history, but it was the kind of building that gave the town its special character, and I should myself like to call it architecture: an architecture based on a commonly understood vernacular language.

But it is the kind of architecture that is now difficult to produce in this country. We have, because of the industrialisation of building, lost this traditional link between the materials, the technique of building and the form of the architecture. Consequently, the essential 'rightness' of building that comes naturally when this relationship exists has largely disappeared. The houses, the factories, the offices, and the schools, which form the overwhelming proportion of building in England today, have all in some measure been influenced by industrialised production. Of course, we must work in terms of the new techniques. All the pioneers of modern architecture made it clear that we should have to produce a new language of form in terms of the new techniques. It was perhaps anticipated that form and technical development would move forward together, the one controlling the other. But that is far from being the case. The new materials, the new components, are there. Indeed, they are there in an astonishing complexity and quantity. The difficulty is one of bringing them into relationship with each other in building. The link between form and technique has broken down.

Le Corbusier and Gropius

What, then, are we to do? We know the end to be achieved. It is a question of relating the new materials, the new components, to a generally acceptable language of form. Both Le Corbusier and Gropius have suggested their own answers. Le Corbusier sees the solution in a return to the classical conception of ordered relationships: to a universal use by industry, by builders, and architects of a basic system of related proportions—for example, that which he has demonstrated by his 'Modulor'. Gropius, on the other hand, suggests a more radical change: that architects should cut at the root of the problem and move into the building industry, from which position they might more effectively influence building production. But these are both long-term and perhaps optimistic solutions. Meanwhile what is certain is that the

development of industrial production will not stand still. There is no ready-made answer. But the first essential is that architects, builders and manufacturers of materials should know the problem that exists. It is a many-sided problem—it should be attacked from every possible angle. This process has in fact started. I will mention one or two significant developments.

First, I would say that it is of the greatest importance that architects, builders, and producers of building materials have begun to study jointly the problems of related dimensions, of rationalising the component parts and of bringing them into relationship with each other and with the broad pattern of building. That is a problem of sizes and numbers. It is at least a start on the alphabet.

Next, I would like to refer to demonstrations of language. I want to consider in particular a building by Mies van der Rohe. It is one of the Campus buildings in Chicago. It stands in a series of carefully related spaces. It is simple and rectangular in form. The choice of materials is deliberately limited: steel for support, glass or brick for enclosure—that is all. From these few materials he draws out, distilled as it were, their essence. The steelwork is built up to his sections, not to the manufacturers': its forms are controlled for architectural purposes—in fact, it is steel framing perfected. The brickwork is used in simple panels running from floor to ceiling: the bonding of the brick is worked out in the greatest detail so that the bricks are not cut, the internal face is left unplastered; the brickwork panel is cut away from the roof which it does not support. It is indeed unsullied and beautifully expressed brickwork. What has happened? Each building element has in itself been perfected: each building element is clearly articulated: each building element is then brought into perfect relationship with the others. That is precisely the lesson that industrialised production has to learn. It is a lucid exposition, if ever there was one, of how three or four common elements of industrialised building should be used in architecture. In fact it is a demonstration of language.

The House above a House

Finally I want to turn to the field of every-day building, to the large housing estates and other buildings which set the pattern of our towns. This is not exceptional or tailor-made building, but building that is worked out from present-day production. Here, again, there is development, and in order to show this I take as an example the simple problem of the four-storied maisonette—the house above a house. It is a building with a narrow frontage, it is built in terraces, it is four storeys high, the use from ground to roof is living room, bedroom; living room, bedroom. Simple, elementary, unpromising enough at first sight. But I think that I could show from the buildings of this type in London a surprising range and variety of expression. These arrangements of form have all evolved directly from the study of what the building components have to do and how they should be related. It is true that in large-scale repetitive building, such as housing, the architect can more easily influence the manufacture of parts. He can see that the needs of production, economic assembly, and form are properly related. This co-operation with the manufacturer and the builder is in itself an important step in building up the common understanding that we are trying to create.

There are, then, at least three major lines of attack on the confusion that exists. First, the simplification of the range of building components and the study of their sizes and relationships—that is a kind of basic alphabet. Second, there is the clear exposition of how the elements of building should be used—that is a demonstration of language. Third, there is the extension of the range of that language in every-day building.

Mr. J. M. Richards spoke recently in this programme about new types of building.* They are often large buildings, he said, composed of repetitions of small units. They are what he calls the architecture of the beehive age. 'What I am suggesting', he says, 'is that we should not be afraid at arriving at a point when these beehive buildings cease to be architecture at all'. Now I see the point that Mr. Richards is making but I would not have put it that way. I would have said that the mass of present-day building is not a suitable subject for the individual types of expression that we have been trained to provide. But, on the other hand, it is the basis on which we must build a new language of form and its appropriate and proper architectural expression is what I have described as 'prose'. This is not a new conception. Is there any difference in principle between Mr. Richards' endless repetition of small units and Mr. Summerson's 'narrow slices of building' from which Georgian London was composed? No, not in principle—the difference

in technique and scale. The problem of repetitions of a unit has been solved historically by use of a commonly understood language of form. It can be solved again by the development of a new language based on new techniques.

It is from this basis that we can build easily and naturally in the temple, dignified, and impersonal background of our towns. And that does not exclude the imaginative spacing and relationship of buildings; as Mr. Richards says, the intricate planning of terraces, pedestrian

spaces, and gardens 'that can be woven about their feet'. Nor does it exclude from building the more heavily charged and imaginative poetic expression, when this can be appropriately used. And this is not a question of size. I have in mind the small labyrinth at the Triennale exhibition in Milan which seems to me to be pure poetry. But the urgent and pressing need is an architectural prose. And when we can achieve this I think somehow that the poets will be there also—when they are needed.—*Third Programme*

The Present in the Past

By C. V. WEDGWOOD

IF I had my time over again . . . , people say. But you cannot have your time over again. The past is over and done with.

The Moving Finger writes; and having writ,
Moves on: nor all your Piety nor Wit
Shall lure it back to cancel half a Line,
Nor all your Tears wash out a Word of it. . . .

Logically, what applies to the past ought to apply to history. The events about which history is written happened only once, in only one way. How is it, then, that historians so far from being unable to 'wash out a word of it' are perpetually washing it out, rubbing it out, crossing out, adding little bits here and little bits there, revising, rewriting, and generally altering their picture of the past? No doubt they cannot cancel half a line of those far-off events that once took place, but they can certainly cancel what other historians have written about them, and supply a wholly new interpretation. They can and they do.

Thought behind Action

Works which in their own day were called 'authoritative' and 'definitive' are shouldered off the shelves twenty, or thirty, or fifty years later by works which are in turn hailed as 'authoritative' or 'definitive', and which will in turn suffer the same fate. Someone said that every generation has to re-write its history and this is true; it is also natural and inevitable. And, if we understand the matter fairly, it adds to, rather than diminishes, the value of historical scholarship as an exploration of the past. For history is not a static subject, it does not consist of dead facts. The facts are live because they can be understood only if the historian goes through a deliberate process of re-thinking or reconstruction. No action is comprehensible unless you understand the thought behind it. As the late Professor Collingwood put it: 'Historical knowledge is the re-enactment in the historian's mind of the thought whose history he is studying'.

The major changes in historical interpretation do not, as the layman often imagines, arise from the discovery of new evidence—the chest full of unsuspected documents that lead to the reinterpretation of events—but rather from a new approach of historians to the evidence. Or it might be more exact to say that the changes do not arise primarily from the discovery of new evidence. What is most likely to happen is that the historian will find what he is looking for, namely, the documents which will explain and illustrate his own point of view. But what is he looking for? Surely he is looking for the truth—for what really happened. It is his job as a scholar to form as exact an idea of past events as he can from the surviving evidence. But the instrument through which he looks at the past is modern. It was made and shaped, and it operates, in the present. It is his own mind. And however much he bends his thoughts towards the past, his own way of thinking, his outlook, his opinions, are the product of the time in which he lives. So that all written history, all facts described or explained by historians, all stories told by them, are a compound of past and present.

Thus a nineteenth-century historian studying the Reformation would be inclined to see it primarily as a religious movement with strong political implications and some social and economic effects. But the modern historian, whose mind is saturated with modern ideas on the pre-eminent importance of the social and economic factors, is more likely to see it as a series of economic and social developments, with some political and religious effects. Whatever the dominating point of

view of the historian, he will naturally concentrate on the kind of evidence that fits in with it. If he is interested in politics and religion he will concentrate on public acts, official statements, the letters of public men, the writings of divines and philosophers, the correspondence and debates of the clergy. If he is interested in the social or economic interpretation, he looks instead for evidence about prices and wages, about commerce and the sale or cultivation of land, about the finances of government, the collection of taxes, the payment of armies, the revenues of the Crown and the Church. The changing outlook of historians means a change in the objects towards which research is directed. This may, and usually does, lead on to the discovery of new evidence. The order of procedure is in fact almost always the reverse of what is popularly believed. Not first the new documents and then the new theory; but first the new theory and then the documents.

There is a great deal in this that is personal to each particular historian; but there is also the climate of opinion of his own time. A man born in 1890 does not have the same reactions as one born in 1910, or in 1930. And the historian, like any other thinker, carries the climate of contemporary opinion with him into his researches. There is more to this than a mere background of general ideas. Contemporary events and experience inevitably influence the judgement of the historian. The kind of thing that he sees and knows in the living world about him can be, and will be, applied (sometimes with more and sometimes with less discretion) to the past world which he is studying. The modern historian who has seen the use made of propaganda in his own time is much more inclined to suspect the existence of propaganda and intentional misrepresentation in historical evidence. He is, so to speak, open to the suggestion that Richard III was the victim of a black-washing campaign. Then again we have become, since the Reichstag fire trial of 1933 and the famous series of Russian trials, dismally accustomed to the idea of the faked plot and the frame-up as instruments of policy. This makes us more cautious of accepting the official explanations and accusations when we find comparable situations in the past, more inclined to look narrowly at, say, the dubious aspects of the Gunpowder Plot, and to ask, when faced by that kind of event in the past, not only, does the official explanation account for all the facts, but who stood to gain by this, whose book did it suit?

Charles I's 'Tyranny'

Sometimes the interaction between past and present produces rather drastic changes in opinion and interpretation. I think this is very noticeable—perhaps because it is the subject of my own studies—in the central epoch of the English seventeenth century, the struggle between King Charles and his parliament. This used to be regarded chiefly as a constitutional and religious struggle—the King with his ideas of Divine Right and a Church which would tolerate no deviations against parliament and the Puritans. In the nineteenth century a fine, popular historian like J. R. Green could refer to the eleven years of the King's absolute rule as a 'tyranny'. But six years ago, when the tercentenary of King Charles' execution came round, I doubt if even the most rabid liberal would have used that word of the King's government. I certainly did not. Having seen in our own time what tyranny can really be like under modern dictatorship, we would hesitate to apply the word to anything so relatively mild and inefficient as the non-parliamentary government of Charles I.

More important for the interpretation of this epoch was the swing

away from political towards economic and social investigation, which has happened over the entire field of history. Enquiries, some of them penetrating, revealed that King Charles had had a social policy of a kind, and that its intentions were benevolent. It was not, I think, by accident that the analysis of these tentative movements towards a welfare state in the seventeenth century was made when the twentieth-century welfare state was developing. Meanwhile, investigations began to reveal some interesting facts about the incomes and the general prosperity—or lack of it—among King Charles' subjects. Unfortunately, but in this controversial age I cannot say unexpectedly, the leading scholars in this field of research differ as to the deductions to be made from their findings. But this much soon became clear: that quite a number of the King's Puritan opponents were rich and that quite a number had commercial and private interests that brought them into conflict with the policy of the Crown.

'Capitalist' Puritans

The climate of twentieth-century opinion is such that this discovery was immensely damaging to the men of the seventeenth. The exposure of these facts coincided, again not quite by accident, with the swing towards socialism among the intelligentsia. The Puritans have suffered more in reputation from the dreadful revelation that many of them were involved in capitalist enterprise than it was, strictly speaking and on the evidence, necessary for them to do. But, although they had long been dead, they were involved in the emotions unloosed by a much later revolution directed against capitalists and bourgeois.

Naturally enough, anyone who makes a new discovery or pursues a new line of investigation is apt to become so deeply interested in it as to over-estimate its importance. To my mind, one of the chief dangers in historical research in our time is the almost obsessive belief that the additional knowledge which we are adding to our picture of the past must necessarily invalidate our previous ideas of it. New facts and new material, which add a great deal to the picture and which modify some of the outlines, are often magnified to the exclusion of all others, so that the new picture of the past is as imperfect and sometimes far more distorted than the original one it replaces. Some interesting facts are not really very relevant; but the strong belief that we have today in organising and analysing our facts—planning, perhaps—in seeing in history certain overriding patterns, whether on the Marxist line or some other, makes the historian unwilling to admit the irrelevance of anything he finds.

I once had a friend who was deeply—and indeed very rightly—interested in the welfare of stray dogs. I remember he visited Germany shortly after the advent of Hitler largely to study the treatment of stray dogs. The information he brought home from Germany was most interesting but it was exclusively relevant to the Nazi treatment of stray dogs, of which he approved. But when he offered remarks on this problem as a comment on the Nazi regime they seemed somehow a little irrelevant. I have given purposely a rather exaggerated example, but I think historians run into this danger, and particularly nowadays when there is a great deal of research on minute subjects. There are some facts which have only a limited relevance, and a man who is working on, say, the standard of living in Rutlandshire in the reign of Charles II should be chary of applying his results to the Orkney Islands, still less of using them as a basis for a general verdict on Stuart society.

It is often said that history repeats itself. I do not think that it does so in any exact or predictable manner. But some epochs seem much closer to our own than others, and there are many analogies between the seventeenth century and the twentieth. If these are cautiously used by the historian they may throw light on it. For one thing, the seventeenth century is aesthetically sympathetic to us: witness the present intense—even rather tedious—preoccupation with baroque art or the metaphysical poets. It was a time of vigorous political speculation and scientific experiment; a time of advances and speculations in philosophy, political theory, and technology. It was also a time of insecurity, of social change, of grave doubts, and bitter animosities. And there is what looks like a strong resemblance in the political situation: Europe was then bitterly divided on the all-important question of religious belief, as it is today on the, to us, all-important question of political doctrine. This was not simply a matter of debate between theologians; it was something which profoundly moved great numbers of people; it was a stronger loyalty than national loyalty; it was something in defence of which men were ready to kill and to be killed; possibly

more important, it was something for which some men at least were prepared if necessary to plot and deceive and betray. They had the fifth column, their fellow travellers, the men who changed sides because they thought their ideals had been betrayed, the men who betrayed their countries to serve their ideals; as well as the ordinary time-server and traitors. This religious division of Europe followed an approximately territorial line—a Protestant north, a Catholic south, and Germany torn in half between the two; just as the territorial line today is between west and east, with once more a divided Germany mid-way.

Because of this similarity between the two situations it is almost inevitable for the modern historian to find himself applying to the past such twentieth-century terms as 'coexistence', 'cold war', or those doomed phrases of the 'thirties, 'appeasement' and 'non-intervention'. I, for instance, came to the study of King Charles with a mind stuffed with the troubles and anxieties of the nineteen-thirties. And what do I find King Charles doing in this ideological conflict which divided Europe in his own day? I find him practising a policy of 'appeasement' towards the then dominating power of Spain and a policy of 'non-intervention' in Spain's European war. And I find that his 'non-intervention' was of a kind also rather painfully familiar in the nineteen-thirties—namely, that it consisted in doing all he could to help the side he favoured, short of declaring war on the others. Unfortunately for Charles, he favoured Spain, while the majority of his English subjects did not; when he let the Spaniards march their troops across the south of England on their way to the battle front in Flanders his subjects took it very badly indeed.

These facts about Charles' foreign policy were not given much prominence by earlier writers when they were trying to diagnose the reasons for the Civil War. But earlier writers had not had the painful advantage of seeing what happened in the nineteen-thirties, the abuse of 'non-intervention' in the Spanish Civil War, and so on. I am not suggesting any exact parallel here, but merely that ideas suggested by modern experience threw certain elements in the past into a sharper relief.

Apart from this particular example, our attitude to this whole epoch of religious wars has changed. This bitter division of belief tore western Europe to pieces for a hundred years after the Reformation. When I was young, the accepted attitude to the religious wars was, to say the least, censorious. Historians of the nineteenth century felt, for the most part, that humanity has progressed beyond such things. They believed in the absolute and self-evident virtues of toleration; and though some of us—most of us, I hope—still maintain our beliefs in these virtues, it is clear to us that the idea of toleration is in fact much more acceptable to a society with nothing to fear from the opinions it tolerates. Once it believes itself to be seriously threatened, it becomes intolerant in self-defence. Again, the nineteenth-century historian felt certain that the steady march of progress had made ideological wars of that kind a thing of the past. But we cannot feel that way. We see a conflict of ideologies quite as violent in our own time. And, like the men of that epoch, many of us, on whichever side we are, feel that the ideology opposed to our own is subversive to society as we know it, or as we think it ought to be, and is morally wrong. And we find it impossible, too, to take the curiously optimistic view about the perfectibility of man that was taken by intelligent people sixty or 100 years ago—people for whom the horrible events of history were no more than matter for shocked fascination.

Lost Confidence in Progress

We have lost confidence in progress; and cannot in honesty feel morally superior to our fanatical and quarrelsome ancestors. For we know evil as they knew evil, and for us, who know what happened at Buchenwald and Belsen, at Auschwitz and Lidice, the massacre of St. Bartholomew adds nothing to our knowledge of human wickedness.

Is this all infinitely saddening, a mere statement that *plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose*? I think not, for we must not make the mistake of expecting improvement merely because of the passage of time. Then is the historian engaged on a useless quest, a sort of ingenious game out of which no final established truth can emerge? I do not myself find it so. There may be no way of establishing an absolute truth about what happened in the past. It may not even be possible to achieve a stable moral judgement about right and wrong. But out of the fragments there certainly do emerge particles of illuminating truth and evidence that human goodness can and does occur in all circumstances and all ages—*Home Service*

What is Wrong with Local Government?

IVOR GOWAN on some plans for reform

THE present structure of our local government system goes back to the last decade of the nineteenth century. Many people think that it is therefore obsolescent and that something ought to be done about it. This is not a new development, either. The 'golden age'—if I may call it this—of blue-prints for a new local government system was the war years. The trouble was that no two plans were alike. There were advocates of regions, advocates of the extension of the county boroughs, advocates of the extension of the county councils, and so on. Since the war, we have had the weighty and important recommendations of the Local Government Boundary Commission but with no resultant action from parliament; and last year there was something of a revival in recommendations along the same lines. The county councils, urban districts, rural districts and parishes mutually agreed to a plan which they have submitted to the Minister of Housing and Local Government. This plan has been criticised by the Association of Municipal Corporations, which represents all the boroughs in England and Wales, and the association has brought out proposals of its own. Other commentators and critics have also entered the fray, but I wish to concentrate on the two sets of proposals that I have already mentioned.

Tendency to Exaggerate

Each of the proposals has made a valuable contribution to thinking on this subject even though in many respects they conflict. The same cannot always be said of proposals which have emanated from other sources. When people are talking about local government there is a tendency for great exaggeration: too frequent use of the word 'chaos', for example, when the writer simply means that he is not altogether in agreement with the way in which things are run. Before we jump to the conclusion that local government is on its last legs, I think it would be a salutary exercise to pause and consider the amount of work that has been done in such fields as public health, the personal health services, the social services, and education in recent years. Such a survey should bring us up with a start and should be a welcome corrective to an extensive amount of destructive criticism.

A good deal of what I am going to say will refer to the respective merits of the one-tier and the two-tier systems in local government. In the one-tier system we have a single authority—the county borough—which performs all the functions of local government in its area; in the two-tier system, on the other hand, functions are divided, as in the counties, between the county council which performs some and the county district councils which perform the rest. In the case of the rural areas there is yet a third tier—the parish council.

I now want to turn to what are the most obvious sources of weakness in the present system. In my opinion these can be brought under two headings. The first is the inability of the system to adjust itself to movements of population occurring over a period of time. Take first the case of the counties. The county councils were set up as administrative units in 1888, and with few exceptions they followed the boundaries of the geographical counties, based, as they were, on a wealth of history, tradition, and sentiment, but not particularly suited to administrative needs. There is no particular need for a dull level of uniformity in this respect, as in anything else, but a range of population from something like 20,000 to over 1,000,000 as we get to the administrative counties today does cause some problems.

Or take the county boroughs—those boroughs which by the act of 1888 or by subsequent decisions have been given the powers of a county as well as those of a borough, making them the sole authority within their area. In 1888 the criterion for this status was a population of 50,000 or the prior possession of county powers for some cities below this population. This figure was thought excessively low even in 1888; in fact it was inserted in the bill as an amendment when it was going through parliament. The original proposal for county borough status was 100,000. If 50,000 was too low in 1888, we may well ask if it is the right figure in 1955. Here the problem has largely been shelved because no new county boroughs have been created for something like

thirty years. Meanwhile, a number of non-county boroughs and some urban districts are now over the 100,000 mark and thus considerably larger than more than half of the county boroughs. Two of them, Ilford and Luton, have in recent years kept on asking parliament to grant them the higher status and have been persistently refused; but the Minister of Housing and Local Government has now stated that this particular problem can no longer be ignored.

Another aspect of the problems of population was summed up aptly by the Report of the Local Government Boundary Commission in 1947:

The failure of the local government system to keep pace with the changing pattern of modern industrial England is seen most strikingly in the huge concentrations of population living in neighbouring towns which are closely knit as economic and industrial units but have little or no connection as local government units.

Only in one case was special provision made for such a concentration of population under the 1888 act, in the case of the London area, where a new administrative county was carved out, the present London County Council. Now there are at least five other conurbations, as they are called: the Black Country, Manchester, Merseyside, Tyneside, and the West Riding. These areas between them contain a large proportion of the population of England and Wales; the pattern of local government authorities within their areas is confused, and it is not surprising that they feature largely in all proposals for reform.

The second principal source of weakness in the present system is the relation of the areas to the services to be performed. The tendency over the past half century has consistently been to use the larger areas for the newer services. Thus the County Council that began with a relatively small number of services has been receiving more at an ever-quicken pace; while the districts, the smaller authorities, have consistently lost services. In other cases, notably the hospitals, a service has been removed from local government altogether, largely because there was no area within the system capable of dealing with them. Of the other services police and education in particular need a considerable range of population and financial resources to function adequately. In the case of the police, for example, the Police Act, 1946, gave the Home Secretary power to amalgamate adjacent police forces in the case of both counties and county boroughs, and he has used this power considerably, as, for example, in the union of the Leicestershire and Rutland police forces and similar unions to cover the counties of North Wales and mid-Wales respectively. Yet if some services need the wider areas, others are essentially local in character. To which of these criteria do we give preference? Do we continue the search for larger areas aiming at greater efficiency, or do we seek to go back to the 'local' character in local government? These are the basic questions which demand an answer.

Suggested Changes of Boundaries

The first of the schemes I am going to examine, that promoted by the county councils, the urban districts, the rural districts and the parishes, is the more conservative. They suggest that some counties are perhaps too small to carry out the functions with which they are entrusted and might usefully be merged to form larger units. This proposal would, in effect, be the first major reorganisation of county council boundaries since they were first instituted. Then, turning to the county boroughs, they suggest that the minimum population for this type of authority should be 75,000, which in fact would mean that many towns at present enjoying the status of county borough would lose it. They go further and suggest that before a new county borough is created there should be a minimum population of 100,000. So far, these proposals are fairly clear but we enter rather less clearly marked land when we come to consider the problem of the conurbations. In this case the reformers suggest that parliament should designate certain areas as conurbations and that in these areas the local government structure should closely follow that at present operating within the L.C.C., that is to say there should be a major authority operating some services and several minor authorities, on the lines of the metropolitan boroughs, entrusted with distinctive functions. In effect, you would have 'a Greater

Manchester, a Greater Birmingham, a Greater Newcastle', and so on, each with its own county council and subordinate authorities. This proposal would, of course, mean that the one-tier system would disappear from a further range of local authorities. Finally, these proposals envisage a new sort of relation between the County Councils and the districts. They want to abolish the smaller districts and create more powerful secondary authorities from the point of view both of population and of financial resources, and they would suggest that these secondary authorities should have their fair measure of services to administer.

It seems to me that this report is good on certain major points. The fact that it commands the support of such a wide range of authorities is helpful; there is a reconciliation between the counties and the districts. But *vis-à-vis* the boroughs it is a little heavy handed. The proposal to remove the county borough status for towns under 75,000 is somewhat rigid. Take, for example, a place like Hastings—a prosperous seaside resort with a much greater summer population than winter. Are you going to gain much by merging this with the East Sussex County Council which is primarily concerned with the rural hinterland? Or take Lincoln—an important centre and market town which happens to be under the prescribed figure. Are its problems quite the same as those of the Lindsey and Kesteven County Councils which are its neighbours and with which it would presumably be merged? As they stand these proposals will not do. Nor am I convinced that local government on the London plan should be copied elsewhere.

Extension of 'One-tier Government'?

Now what of the other plans? The proposals of the Association of Municipal Corporations are drawn in wide terms, and accordingly they do not give us as much detail. But they start off from the premise that the two-tier system is a bad thing, leading, in their words, to 'frustration, friction, and delay'. Their principal theme is that one-tier government on the county-borough pattern should be extended to cover practically the whole country. This would be done by extending the existing county boroughs, and creating new ones on a large scale. In some parts of the country, they would retain the two-tier system but this is looked upon very much as the second best.

In so far as these proposals are in general rather than particular terms it is difficult to examine them carefully. For the A.M.C. may easily turn round and say, 'We did not mean quite that solution for that particular part of the country but were only indicating tendencies and principles'; and then where are you? But their main challenge is, of course, on the expansion and the extension of the county-borough system and we may fairly examine this proposal and its effects. I have already indicated that I am not averse to the creation of new county boroughs where this is necessary, but I cannot concur with the proposals that the county-borough system be extended on anything like the scale that the A.M.C. want. For what they envisage amounts to the complete abolition of county government, or such an emasculation of the counties that it would not be worth keeping them alive. The essence of county government is the blending that it makes possible of urban and rural life. You cannot remove all urban communities from this scheme of things and retain the counties merely for rural areas. Such a destruction of county government is, in my opinion, completely unjustified by the place they hold in English life.

So much, then, for the plans. Both of them seem to me to be suffering from the malaise that I spoke of earlier, the tendency to hyperbole and exaggeration in talking about local government. They over-paint, both of them, the present weaknesses and forget the very great sources of strength in the present system. By and large, I should say that the main body of services are discharged efficiently with due regard to the wishes of the local inhabitants. I have always found it so in places where I have lived, and I do not think my experience is peculiar in this.

Take another point: you do not very easily supplant one type of authority by another. This is a law of almost universal application in politics, and it has an even greater force in this country where tradition plays such a large part and where institutions are moulded rather than re-cast. Here is an argument which cuts across the approach from statistics of population or finance. For example, you may regard yourself as belonging to a certain city irrespective of its size and you do not cease to belong to it when it gets bigger or smaller. If it is changed out of all recognition as a local authority you may feel aggrieved. And—if I understand the sociologists correctly—this sense of 'belonging' to a place or to a community is important. Counties, too, are more than areas on a map. They have their associations and traditions going back

over 1,000 years and it is a little rash to remove them from the picture altogether, even as administrative units. Due regard should be paid to these human factors. Because they are less subject to quantitative measurement, there is no reason for ignoring or by-passing them.

This argument is reinforced by another point: a measure of variety in local government is no bad thing. Let me develop this a little further. The large city—shall we say over the 250,000 mark—is at a great advantage over the smaller units when it comes to organising services. It has greater financial resources, it can employ more specialist staff. But remember that such a city is generally a regional centre, in senses, for a much wider range of population than its actual inhabitants. People pour into it from a wide radius for business, for entertainment and pleasure. Incidentally, they contribute to its wealth by the shopping, and the business that they transact in the area; but this is balanced by the fact that they enjoy its civic amenities so that there is a fair give and take in this matter. Large cities, such as Birmingham or Manchester or Newcastle, contribute very materially to communal life in their regions. And I think it might be a disaster to interfere with the one-tier system of government which has made possible the advances that they have achieved.

It is in the light of considerations and principles such as these that I should examine any proposals for the reconstruction of local government, and for the reasons I have given I am certain that there is no justification, either for the drastic curtailment of the number of county boroughs that at present exist, or for the attack on county government which might be contemplated. There are obviously a number of cases that do call for readjustment. There are towns which by any criterion deserve to become county boroughs; there are some county boroughs which lack the resources necessary for that status; there are counties which are too small. In each of these cases the problems are on the margin, but because the marginal problems are acute do not let us assume that the whole picture is awry.

Where I think there is something seriously amiss is in the districts. The pattern of urban and rural district councils was drawn up at a time when the most acute need was sanitation, and urban communities called for much more urgent treatment in this respect than did the rural areas. But I wonder if the problems of urban and rural areas are as different now? New housing, well spread out and away from town centres, is making the town more like the countryside and the countryside areas are getting more of the amenities of urban life. It may well be that at this juncture we could go a long way to achieving administrative unity between the urban and rural districts. This would incidentally solve another problem, namely what to do with those districts that are far too small for any services. For if we make out a strong case for two-tier local government, and I have shown that such a case can be made, we must make the second-tier worth while. We must go in for much more powerful district councils. There should be less of them than that is inevitable, but they should be given more powers in their own right and should be worth the trouble that so many councillors and officials take over them.

Joint Authorities

Why are we so averse from using joint authorities in this country? By this I mean the combination of adjacent authorities to provide a service by joint boards or joint committees. In all recent post-war legislation, in police, in planning, health, welfare, and education, there is provision for the use of such authorities, and yet with the significant exception of the police service they have been substantially ignored. There are difficulties in operating a joint authority; nobody feels as happy as in running his own show, and this breeds suspicion. But, if it means that a small county council or county borough can be retained as a unit while running certain of its services in conjunction with its neighbours, the difficulties are worth putting up with. I hope that the county councils and the county boroughs will look at this carefully, and that the Minister and parliament will look at it, too. It is not the only answer, but it is a palliative and a measure of correction to some of the difficulties of the smaller authorities, and I find it extremely surprising that it has been completely ignored in the proposals I have been considering. I favour experiments on these lines because I feel—unlike the authors of either of these reports—that we have struck a reasonable balance in this country between city and county government and that each of them is attuned to the needs of different sections of the population. If either side could be persuaded not to gobble the other up—and neither side fancies this fate—we may well be better prepared to tackle some of the obstacles on the road.—*Third Programme*

The Idea of a Village College

By HENRY MORRIS

THE welfare of agriculture and the countryside is haunted by an anxiety over the drift of people, especially young people, from the country to the cities. This movement has been going on in Britain for more than a century: it happens in all industrialised countries. I think it is generally agreed that (apart from the obvious fact that production of food is a necessity) country life and country stocks are not merely valuable, they are an indispensable element in any society. Of course, much must be done to enable the countryside to compete with the powerful pull of the city. And it is one aspect of this problem that I wish to discuss—the need for better education and better chances of recreation and social life. The view that I want to put to you is that agriculture must be more than technically and mechanically efficient. It must provide an attractive way of life. I should like to tell you about my experience in a quiet and rather poor corner of rural England. I well remember the scene in Cambridgeshire thirty-four years ago. Most villages had a single school for children of all ages up to fourteen. The buildings were mainly small, badly lighted and heated, often insanitary. The windows were high up and nearly always faced the bleak north. The Board of Education issued a 'black list' of school buildings which had either to be ended or mended. And those long, heavy desks in iron frames that only a grown-up could move? The magic of colour had not yet been discovered—grim browns and dark greens were the dominant decoration. Groups of children sat grave and silent with folded arms. Day in and day out, the children listened, the teachers talked; it was education by discourse. In spite of all this the village schoolmasters and schoolmistresses often did remarkable work. Many of them were characters who meant much and did much for village life. This picture was true of rural England in general, and indeed of the cities, apart, of course, from the grammar schools. Clearly something had to be done but it, not least for the older children—even in those days the raising of the school-leaving age to fifteen was in the air. For youngsters and grown-ups the scene was even bleaker. For all the things they wanted to do, whether serious or gay, the village school building was pretty hopeless. Village halls were few, and mostly poor affairs.

The truth is that the village and the small country town had ceased to be self-sufficient social units. That is one of the main reasons why for so long they have had their eyes turned to the cities. Each age is a dream that is dying or one that is coming to birth'. It seemed to me, thirty years ago, that the one way of getting rid of this dependence was to provide better education and more recreation and social life at the centres of fairly large rural districts and to use modern transport to make this possible. As we know, one kind of rural district, namely the small market town with its nearby villages, has existed for centuries. Another

kind of rural district can be made up of a group of villages centring upon a large village. Given a suitable centre, a better education could be given to the older boys and girls in spacious and well-equipped buildings with playing fields. A much better job, too, would be done for the younger children in their junior schools. And then, at the centre, there would be a chance of making a fine home for all kinds of activities for the older population, a whole range of activities



Impington Village College, designed by Walter Gropius and Maxwell Fry

which, until then, were simply out of the question. All this seemed to me to demand what, at the time, was the making of a new institution for the countryside.

And so thirty years ago we planned to group nine villages with a population of 10,000 and to build what became known as a village college in the largest of them, namely Sawston. The first object was

to provide a school for the 300 older children of these villages. There was to be a hall for use by the school and as the local theatre and cinema; and many other amenities which by now have become familiar but which thirty-four years ago seemed something of a dream in the countryside. But we aimed not just at a school but rather at a community centre, equipped throughout so that it could be used not only by a secondary school in the daytime but also by grown-ups in the evening. And, mark you, for young people and grown-ups there was also to be a



Bee-keeping class of a Young Farmers' Club, being held in front of the adult wing of the Village College at Impington

wing consisting of a panelled lecture room with easy chairs; a library and reading room; a common room with canteen and space for clubs and indoor games of all sorts. So the whole building could be thrown open for use in the evenings and at week-ends to the community of nine villages for a generous programme of adult education, both serious and gay, not forgetting agriculture and horticulture, and for all sorts of recreations.

A Part of Education

I recall the remark of an Oxford scholar, Sir Henry Clay, many years later when visiting a village college on a Saturday afternoon. 'How pleasant', he exclaimed, as he saw the rabbit show, a wedding reception, a football match and the preparations for an evening dance, 'how pleasant to see so many things going on that have nothing to do with education. Of course', he added, 'they *are* part of education'.

But where was the money to come from? There were no precedents. The famous Hadow Report about the remaking of the nation's schools had still to come when Sawston was being planned, and the Board of Education would give money only for the barest minimum of what was called elementary education. So to make Sawston possible more than half the cost had to be met by gifts of land, money, and equipment. Without the generosity of the Carnegie Trustees and other benefactors Sawston could not have been built and opened, as it was in 1930, by the Prince of Wales. Three other village colleges, all assisted by substantial gifts of money and in kind, followed at Bottisham, Linton, and Impington. In all four, architecture and landscape, the artist and colour, have been used to create places of beauty within and without. A distinguished historian of architecture, Professor Pevsner of Cambridge University, describes the Impington of Walter Gropius and Maxwell Fry, built in 1939, as 'one of the best buildings of its date in England, if not the best'.

We find that some seventy per cent. of the children, after they have left school and gone to work, return in the evenings. People arrive on foot, by cycle, car, and bus. Beside the headmaster, or warden, and his staff there is a governing body for each college, on which everybody who uses the college is represented: the aim is to give as many as possible a chance to take a hand in running the place. The neighbouring villages are not forgotten: classes and other activities are arranged in each of them, too. So there is a two-way service and village life is strengthened. The numbers vary. Impington, the largest, with ten villages and 11,000 people has 1,000 students attending classes weekly and a similar number attending voluntary societies and clubs.

Before the war, much was being done in country and town; but it was the Butler Act of 1944 that gave the complete and explicit sanction to secondary schools for all and to community centres. Bassingbourn Village College is a community centre and secondary modern school for fifteen villages and was built wholly out of public funds under the Butler Act. It was appropriately opened by Mr. Butler himself a few months ago. Recently, the Minister of Education, Sir David Eccles, has given a clear signal for an advance in school building, especially in the countryside, and has lifted the ban on expenditure for community centres both in town and country.

This prompts me to dwell with eagerness on certain implications which I believe have a profound bearing on the community pattern in this or any country. The locality or neighbourhood in which we spend our daily lives and the local community to which we belong form the cell of society. It is of supreme importance that the neighbourhood should be full of life and vitality and have significance and meaning for all those who live in it. But vastly increased transport and opportunities for amusement have weakened the local group and its personal and corporate activities. This has happened as much in the cities as elsewhere. How is this vitality to be realised—this activity of body and mind, of emotion and feeling, both personally and in groups, that is the precious essence of adult education? It comes about when teacher and student, student and student, young and old meet face to face in lecture and debate, for instance, or in song and dance; again in orchestras, choirs, and plays. I have seen groups absorbed in workshops, laboratories, studios, libraries. And there are the virtues of eating and drinking together and conversation in the common room, and all that happens in games and on the playing field and running track. A community that has these things enjoys the deepest satisfactions, which nothing can replace. It has an antidote to one of the greatest dangers of modern life, the pursuit of all kinds of passive mass amusements which kill time rather than recreate.

Adult education and recreation of the kind I have described are as

necessary to everybody as food and air. So are the active practice and enjoyment of all the arts. A belief I formed thirty-four years ago became stronger than ever: it is that the centre of gravity in education should be in that part that provides for youth and maturity. How is this to be brought about in the countryside and the cities? One means to this end is to group our local communities round their colleges and secondary schools. It is plain common sense and wisdom to do this in the new housing estates, the new towns, and the expanding towns which are now being talked about. And it should be done not merely to avoid frustration, loneliness, and boredom, but with the positive intention of creating civilised communities able to live the good life. These colleges and secondary schools are an entirely new thing in our history. They cost vast sums. For instance, in a new town of 60,000 the secondary schools alone cost £1,500,000. In no other country in the world are such magnificent schools now being built. Let us, the Minister of Education suggests, attach community wings to such colleges and schools so that, with their wealth of facilities, their accommodation and equipment, they can become part of the community pattern and centres of community life.

Such a pattern is valid for the countryside and city in any country at whatever level of culture. All over the world, and especially in Africa and the east, science and technology are being used to abolish poverty, to bring about better food supplies and housing, health and a longer life, and thus to leave behind the life that is nasty, brutish, and short. This is one of the biggest changes taking place in the world today. Nothing can stop it. As Robert Bridges has said, 'They have seen the electric light in the west' (electricity symbolising the new world technical invention) as we in the west once saw the star of Christianity in the east. But the application of science to material welfare should take place with a constant regard for human values. I believe that one of the surest ways of doing this, and one ready to hand, is to group communities physically round their cultural institutions so that they can form part of daily life and habit. We must all earn our living, and proper training is a necessity; but it is also a desperate necessity, and not a luxury, that the satisfaction of the cultural and recreative needs of the local community should be a major aim in town and country everywhere.

These, then, are some of the ideas that have developed in my mind from the idea of a village college since Sawston was planned thirty years ago. I end with a saying of Francis Bacon: 'Men . . . till a matter be done, wonder that it can be done: as soon as it is done, wonder again that it was no sooner done'.—*Home Service*

The Drain

Those three young workmen have had it up again—
The drain that is the secret of my garden.
They came, unshirting the back-break lawn
And dug their well-oiled tools deep down
Into the hotbed earth, among
The country plumbings of a city tree.

There beneath my window they laid bare
The bifurcating tube, six feet below
The winter garden where the sun was warm
A moment. With long rods they raked it clean
And shot a hose of water into it
And sealed the new length in.

They spat and joked and sang
And smoked and warmed their clay-cold hands
On pots of tea; and then began to move
The earth into the earth again, stamping loaded boots.
But as they worked and larked,
The early winter twilight fell,

And they more silent and more silent grew.
—While at the window stood and looked
A glassy ghost, not breathing on the pane,
That longed to speak, to tell them
What perhaps they knew:
It was my love they buried, that could have no name.

JAMES KIRKUP

The Question of Conscience

NOEL ANNAN gives the first of four talks on 'Church and State'

THE relation of Church and State has always been a great problem in political thought—great because it is insoluble. Rendering unto Caesar the things which are Caesar's would be a much easier precept for Christians to follow if they did not say each day: 'Thy will be done in earth as it is in heaven'. If churches do what they believe to be God's will, they are bound at some time to refuse to serve the Mammon of the State. Totalitarianism, racial discrimination, atomic warfare, and divorce have all raised the problem again, and I would like to consider various arguments which are used by those who think about this problem. The first is what I will call the liberal theory of Church and State which until recently was held by many political theorists in this country.

The Liberal Compromise

Like other English theories, the liberal theory was a compromise: a compromise between late-Victorian anti-clericalism and Georgian pluralism. The anti-clericals wanted to divest the Church of England of her privileges and fought for undenominational education. You can hear Dicey at the turn of the century hinting darkly that the State is being flouted because under the Marriage Act of 1895 Anglicans and nonconformists did not have to go to a registry office for their marriage to be legal. The pluralists, led by Figgis and Maitland, were alarmed at the spectre not of a privileged Church but of a monolithic State. They argued that a Church was one of many voluntary corporations through which men realised themselves and which were essential to the good life. They should therefore be tampered with as little as possible.

And so a compromise was struck. The State blandly acknowledges its official pronouncements that God exists, and it protects the sensibilities of the faithful from gross offence by the Blasphemy Laws. It admits that the doctrines, the form of worship, and the organisation of churches are solely the concern of the churches. For the State, interference in such spheres was absurd because the State could no more help men to worship God than it could make them inspired musicians or painters. In return, the churches were to accept freedom of speech and abandon all their old pretensions to decide for society what was truth and what should be taught in schools and universities; and their clergy and their property were of course to be subject to the law of the land.

But suppose a Church denies that disease exists, what then? Suppose it forbids its members to summon a doctor even when their children are ill? Should the State, which is prepared to protect children from their parents, prosecute the parents for their beliefs? Mr. Mabbott, who is an advocate of the liberal theory, in his excellent book, *The State and the Citizen*, cites the case of the Peculiar People who based their abhorrence of doctors on a text in the Epistle of St. James. He argues that the clash between this sect and the State arose because the religion of this sect was a primitive survival, and surely such churches were so unusual as to offer no serious difficulties. But Christian Scientists, whatever the medical profession and others may think of them, can hardly be dismissed in the same way. And Mr. Mabbott agrees that when we consider the attitude of the Quakers and other sects which encourage conscientious objection to war, the State may be forced into a position in which no solution avoids absolute wrong. The State is compelled to prosecute, and conscientious objectors are compelled by their conscience to resist the State. The sole consolation is that those who suffer for their beliefs are often the salt of the earth and a society is the poorer if it possesses no willing martyrs. Thus, although good administration in the form of enlightened tribunals for conscientious objectors may diminish the force of the clash, the liberal theory tends to belittle its possibility too much.

Moreover, it does not account for the odd position of the Church of England. The liberal theory really envisages the Church of England as disestablished, as one of a number of sects competing for souls; and it therefore disapproves of the State appointing its bishops or regulating its form of worship. What happened when the 1928 Prayer Book was rejected by a parliament composed partly of nonconformists

and agnostics? Simply this: clergymen ignored parliament and openly used the 1928 version. Many ardent Anglicans agree they want the Church to lay down doctrine, and to discipline both its clergy and laity. They ask why the Church of England should not be free, as other churches are, to order its own affairs.

Nevertheless, however reasonable these claims may sound, they challenge the whole conception of the establishment. The Church of England claims to speak for the whole nation, which according to Erastians is based not merely on theological but on historical grounds. Erastians doubt the wisdom of releasing the Church from the formal control of the State. When, in the sixteenth century, they argue, different interpretations of what was true religion were held within the Church, the State took a hand in defining Christian doctrine: and, since in those days Church and State were not separate bodies but different aspects of Christian society, this action was not an indefensible invasion of the Church's liberties. From then on, so the argument runs, the real authority in religion has been the general consensus of opinion in the nation over long periods of time, and not that of prelates or Convocation. On religious matters the mind of the nation changes very slowly, and the State wisely puts on the brake when a dominant party among the bishops may be moving too fast for public opinion. Did not the common sense in Victorian times of parliament and the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council save the Church from passing bigoted judgements on some sensible clergymen? Indeed, the great intellectual liberty which the Anglican clergy possess, the right of clergymen to hold divergent views on doctrine, which in turn reflect divergent views among the laity, is it not safeguarded alone by politicians and the judiciary?

The loose discipline of the State permits Low Churchmen to interpret the rubrics according to their own inclination and High Church priests reserve the sacrament, even though the XXVIIIth Article clearly indicates that this is not to be done. A disciplined Church might be more zealous but would it, they ask, exert a greater influence? Religion infuses morality with emotion and may by its rituals make even unbelievers regard certain things as good or bad. A great ritual, such as the Coronation, affects the whole nation and suggests to people, in however confused and untheological a way, that they should reverence the sacred. Erastians deplore restricting the Church to its baptised, or still less to its communicating, members; and some ask the Church to reconsider its refusal to re-marry divorced men and women because in this matter the Church clearly differs from the nation's moral sense and, incidentally, from the Church of Scotland and the Greek Orthodox Church.

Should the Churches Play Politics?

All this may seem a little parochial and insular beside the larger issues. What action should a church take if the State in its opinion is acting wickedly or tolerating wicked activities? How far should the churches play politics? We are often exceedingly muddled in our thinking about this question. People are naturally indignant if the churches do not protest against what they themselves consider to be palpably evil states of affairs. The trouble is that what one person may consider evil in politics another does not, and both can usually find appropriate texts in the Bible to justify their conclusions. The Roman Catholic Church engages in direct political action, and in some countries specifically Catholic political parties exist. Yet many of those who attack the Church of Rome for meddling in politics are those who accused the Christian Churches in the nineteen-twenties of not advocating pacifism, in the 'thirties of not denouncing nazism, in the 'forties of compromising with communism, and in the 'fifties of not leading a crusade against *apartheid* and the racial policies of Dr. Malan.

In this question, it seems to me, each church is governed by its vision of the nature of *this* world. For instance, Fundamentalist sects in America, which have recently increased their membership, appeal to those simple creatures who want to disown the horrors of modern life. Let Mammon play with his bombs, the godly will await the Second

Coming. Indeed, this attitude is not confined to Fundamentalists. The new intellectual Protestantism in Europe is reluctant to put much faith in politics, because political issues can never be interpreted as a simple conflict between right and wrong. Men on both sides, so it is argued, are driven by original sin to act wrongly; in international conflicts there is no 'right' solution. To dissociate oneself from politics is to recall men to higher things. To denounce worldliness and secular compromises by national or international churches is to advocate a different kind of morality. A minority church is justified precisely because it is a minority—because it displays its disapproval of majority morality, whether embodied in the State or in the Catholic Churches which compromise with the State. The old eighteenth-century non-conformists may be accused of bitterness for hating the snob, upper-class Church of England: but did they not perhaps contribute more to the religious life of the nation than by joining other churches in pandering to the State?

Christian Socialism

These views are rigorously opposed by those who declare that the Churches will rightly be doomed if they do not show that they are determined to eliminate social evils. Christian Socialism awoke the Church of England to its social responsibilities in the slums and to the working classes and taught men that they had other responsibilities than the salvation of their own souls. In the United States, churches resemble great welfare institutions far more than they do in Europe. And some people go a stage further and declare that churches should lead crusades against drink or racial discrimination: socialists point to the *Magnificat* as a revolutionary hymn, while conservatives value the churches as forms of social control which impose moral discipline on society. Each view corresponds to a different vision of the relation of religion to life.

These conflicting views must sound absurd to the members of one particular Church. The Church of Rome, since the Reformation and the rise of the Nation State, has minutely defined its relation to the State in a series of Papal Bulls. The Powers send their diplomatic representatives to the Vatican, the Catholic hierarchy in each country is informed of Vatican policy, and its international orders, such as the Dominicans and Jesuits, are charged with the propagation of a particular part of Catholic policy. The Church knows what it wants from the State and merely varies its technique in getting as much as it can, whether it be Spain or Eire, Britain or France, or a communist country. The State will be urged to mould its laws on such subjects as divorce, birth control, education, or public decency nearer the dicta of the Church. The Roman Catholic Church is quite clear that it must engage in politics, for only by such means can it carry

out the task given it by God of transforming a secular society into a Catholic society. It is ready to challenge the supremacy of any State which opposes its claims to influence secular government or the life of all individuals within the State. These clear demands must lead into conflict with many States which will, in most cases, refuse to alter their laws in order to impose upon people the morality which the Church of Rome advocates.

There are two main secularist arguments against the claims of the Churches. The first is that the State no less than the Churches is a moral force. According to this view, people are too apt to sneer at the idea of the State diffusing morality and confuse it with the avowal of prizes to Stakhanovite workers or deserving bureaucrats. But the State, through its laws and through what it leaves to the free play of the individual, conceives a morality and this will often, on issues no less important than pacifism or public health, clash with the ethical ideals of the Churches. For instance, the State may lay down certain practical standards for school buildings. It may demand such a high level of hygiene and furnishings that Churches which want to build their own schools and give the children of their members a specifically sectarian education will be unable to raise sufficient money to meet these demands. Nor need people assume that the Churches by virtue of their mystical calling will necessarily be in the right and the State in the wrong. Political solutions accept men as they are, and are more ready than churches to take account of their weaknesses or sometimes to trust in their goodness. Moreover, the State admits that there are institutions and social forces other than Churches which have a right to put before society ideals of the good life; and it may prefer their ideals.

The second argument comes from those who loathe States even more than Churches—who believe that goodness springs entirely from individuals and that institutions only pollute such goodness: Socrates and Jesus were both men who preached against the institutionalism of the society in which they lived. Or there are those who think that new conceptions of what is good and right arise and flourish in groups of friends or in small bodies, such as colleges, and that it is from such springs that society refreshes itself. And, naturally, such bodies hold views which differ vastly from those of institutionalised religion—and this is all to the good. Whenever men attempt to lay down moral codes and rules, whether through a Church or a State, goodness flies out of the window and is replaced by a sterile, moribund tyranny of dead ideals. And therefore we should always suspect the morality of large institutions, always be reluctant to grant power to them whether they call themselves churches, or associations, or states, and always be ready to champion the individuals who stand up and expose their hypocrisies and equivocations.—*Third Programme*

A New Interpretation of the Gospels

R. H. WARD on the writings of Maurice Nicoll

IT is often remarked that the past hundred years or so have seen the rise of many unorthodox religious 'movements' in the west, movements many of which, be it said, have brought into disrepute such words as mysticism and esotericism. Yet, delusive ways to God though most such movements and sects may be, they undoubtedly arise in answer to the need of certain temperaments for the direct communion with God, the direct experience of the knowledge and love of God, which belong to true mysticism and esotericism. When the exoteric religious bodies—the orthodox Churches—no longer provide for the mystic, he will inevitably find himself driven, though probably reluctantly, to seek elsewhere the kind of religious life his nature demands.

At the present time it is increasingly clear that the true religious life of the west (and it was never more flourishing) lies quite as much outside the Churches as it does within them; and this in spite of the present increase in the numbers of adherents to the orthodox creeds. For by true religious life I mean here subjective religious life in its predominantly contemplative sense. Further, what we call 'the condition of the world'—meaning by this that break-up of our civilisation which is daily evident to any thinking person at the present time—this

condition encourages, in those who by temperament are drawn to the mystical or esoteric aspect of religion, the search for religious reality elsewhere than within the organised religious bodies; for to such people these bodies inevitably seem part and parcel of the crumbling civilisation, and historically subject, with it, to time and decay. The mystic, by nature aware that there is something eternal behind the visible appearance of things, is under the necessity of discovering that eternal and invisible quality if he can; and it even seems to him that he glimpses it, so to say, through the cracks which are at present appearing in the façades of all temporal institutions.

I take it for granted that, at this late date, few who are not constitutionally incapable of the long view of history would doubt that ours is a 'time of tribulation', a time of change in which one way of looking at things—that is, one way of being civilised—is dying, and another, as yet only very uncertainly adumbrated, is coming to birth. Meanwhile, our own period is one in which the chaos of values which everywhere threatens social stability may break the surface and overthrow that stability; some would say, indeed, that this overthrow is no longer imminent, but already far advanced. The negative attitude to this situation is 'escapism' in its various forms: false religion and

other pleasurable addictions of one kind and another. But the positive attitude, as I hope to show, is something quite different.

Meanwhile, in the midst of this dangerous 'condition of the world', 'the warring Gods and formulas of the various religions' (to quote William James) 'do indeed cancel each other'. Yet the esoteric or mystic temperament is still inwardly aware (to continue the quotation) that 'there is a certain uniform deliverance in which religions all appear to meet—this is the liberation of the soul'. To many such seekers for order out of chaos that quite familiar and ordinary phrase will appear highly suggestive: it will foreshadow a meaning which it is of vital importance to understand; it will have, as it were, a magnetic quality. Such a seeker will begin to perceive the liberation of the soul as a single and abiding purpose behind all religious teaching. The soul is itself invisible, a quality rather than a quantity; yet at this point it may appear to him to be the only quality available to the human being which, once liberated, could lead him to discover, within the chaos of the visible world in which he finds himself, an order, a purposefulness and meaningfulness, belonging to and stemming from another and invisible world. This phrase, 'the liberation of the soul', is in fact an esoteric phrase; strictly speaking, it has no meaning other than an esoteric one. 'The liberation of the soul' belongs with that other esoteric phrase, 'the Kingdom of Heaven is within you'; and indeed it is essentially the same phrase.

A Meaning for the Mystic

But this seeker of whom we are thinking is a certain kind of man, rather than mankind; for it is probably true to say that there are, roughly speaking, two kinds of men in the world, those (as the Gospels put it with significant reiteration) 'who have ears to hear', and those who have not. In other words, one kind of man 'has ears to hear' the ideas of which the esoteric aspect of religion treats, and for the other kind of man these ideas will be incomprehensible: for him the soul 'does not exist', nor does the invisible world. But the mystic is the kind of man—and he may be anybody, and certainly need not be 'an intellectual'—who has ears to hear the good news which is in a very real sense the essential message of the Gospels. To such a man, then, the phrase 'the liberation of the soul', means something, promises something, though as yet he does not know what.

Doubtless this person we are considering has read the New Testament, and perhaps he has studied it; yet, while he believes it to contain what he is seeking to know about the liberation of the soul, it somehow remains a closed book to him; it will not yield up its secret. Before he can read these pages aright he needs a key which, presumably, the writers of the Gospels possessed. Suppose, then, that there were to be set before this person, between the covers of two short books—or indeed the covers of either one of them—a way of reading and understanding the Gospels which was entirely new to him. Suppose he were to discover from these books—one called *The New Man** and the other called *The Mark*†, written by Maurice Nicoll, a doctor and psychologist who died in 1953—that within their familiar words the Gospels bear a wholly unfamiliar meaning, a meaning which is not expounded from the pulpit; that they are written in a kind of secret language, the key to which has for some reason eluded the New Testament interpreters and commentators of the past.

Here are some passages from these two books which would begin to tell the man we are thinking of what he wants to know.

There is not a sentence, not a single word, in the Gospels that has not meaning totally beyond the literal meaning.

The Gospels do not contain a collection of arbitrary rules and moral precepts, but are a set of *psychological charts and directions*, some simple and some very complicated at first sight, which, if a man could understand them and carry out their instructions rightly, would lead him inevitably to the discovery of the Kingdom of Heaven in himself.

A parable, in the Gospels, always begins from the purely sensual level and the ideas belonging to it, and so, taken as such, it seems merely to be what it appears to be—that is, a story about a king, or a vineyard, or a person called Nicodemus, or a Samaritan woman . . . a parable always starts from the first level of meaning that a man acquires from his contact with life. . . . The teaching of Christ is on a different level of meaning, one that refers to the acquiring of quite new ideas, and aims, and new interpretations of life, in the light of a possible individual evolution of man, contained within him as a possibility. . . .

Here, then, the liberation of the soul is being directly spoken about as the essential purpose of Christ's teaching, as the Gospels record it, and as St. Paul refers to it when he writes of the change from the old Adam to the new man in Christ. That the Gospels speak of man's

redemption has always been understood; what is not generally understood is that they do so in the strictly psychological terms, those of the soul's liberation by evolution within the individual, which Dr. Nicoll outlines. He explains, and does so with extraordinary cogency, that Christ's teaching is concerned with a single psychological process, that of changing a man who is of one kind into a new man of another kind. This process has two phases: change of mind (*Metanoia*, more familiarly but less expressively and directly translated in the Bible as repentance), and consequent rebirth to a new condition of being. These two books contain interpretations, always in these terms, of many of the parables of Christ, of much of the story of his own life as it is told in the Gospels, and also of certain passages in the Old Testament. It is a question in every case of finding beneath the everyday words of the Bible their symbolic or allegorical meaning; always with reference to 'thinking differently', and thus to becoming something different. The effect of these two books on the reader is a curious one, and hard to define. By one kind of man they can, of course, be totally rejected; but by the man who has ears to hear they will be responded to with the simple awareness that they speak the truth. They convey what in a certain sense such a man has always known but never understood. His response to them will be inward and subjective; he will feel that they speak of man's essential, and potential, nature. The point is simply that man as he usually thinks about himself is incomplete; these books suggest that it is possible for him to become something more than he is, to awaken to a new order of consciousness—that consciousness, in fact, which knows that the Kingdom of Heaven is within him, and knows it in the most real way possible, as a matter of experience.

There is nothing in these exact and clearly reasoned books which is in the slightest degree 'mystical' in the pejorative sense. There are no flights of rhetoric or fancy. The theme is expounded in a curiously simple, lucid, and faithful English. Dr. Nicoll is scholarly where scholarship is needed; if the Greek is referred to, and often translated in a way which makes its meaning plainer than King James' translators made it, it is honestly dealt with; there is no special pleading. Indeed, one feels that Dr. Nicoll is not concerned to prove anything, only to expose something which was hidden and needs no proof; and he speaks throughout these books as one having authority.

One significant thing about what he has to say is that this 'change of mind' with which he deals offers contemporary people not the slightest 'escape'. Thinking in a new way about ourselves—but 'new,' of course, only in so far as it was old long before the Christian era dawned—is not a thing which can be done without effort. And Dr. Nicoll is not writing about a problematical life to be attained after death, but about a more abundant life to be lived here and now. Nor can this new dimension, which is the liberation of his soul, be added to a man merely by taking thought, for 'thinking differently' implies being differently, and being differently implies being dead to what one is and alive to what one might be. There is, in fact, no resurrection without a death, and probably a painful death. Thus the doctrine of these books is a hard doctrine: we shall not change our world except by changing ourselves, for 'it is not from life that a man suffers, but from himself'. That kind of remark of Dr. Nicoll's, which runs counter to our habitual way of regarding our relations with life, both sums up what is involved in this 'change of mind' and expresses the strange and mysterious quality of all he has to say. You feel, in fact, that these books about a different kind of man have been written by a different kind of man; and that this is what gives their writer authority.

Moving into a Hidden Dimension of the Soul

Nor is it without significance, surely, that this new and different understanding of the teaching of Christ should be published at the present time, when for so many the meaning has departed not only from religion but from life itself. For what, in fact, is the *impasse* to which western man has brought himself but the point at which he must either be destroyed or take an entirely new direction? Dr. Nicoll makes it plain that this new direction does not lie in space and time but takes, as it were, a psychological course into man's own nature and consciousness of himself; it moves into a hidden dimension of the soul. There are many signs at present of such groping towards the exploration of being, and doubtless such signs are what we should expect at the end of an age. There is an eastern belief that, during the last phase of an era of civilisation, there occurs a recapitulation of what might be called the spiritual content of that era. Something of this kind may be involved in our present preoccupation with archaeological discovery, whether of

(continued on page 247)

NEWS DIARY

February 2-8

Wednesday, February 2

The Government decides to authorise the expenditure of £147,000,000 on the roads during the next four years

The Commonwealth Prime Ministers at their third full session discuss the latest developments in atomic energy

M.C.C. touring team win the fourth Test match in Australia and keep 'the Ashes'

Thursday, February 3

The Chinese Prime Minister refuses the invitation from the Security Council to send a representative to discuss a cease-fire in the Formosa area

Chancellor of the Exchequer states during debate in the Commons that he will not propose any subsidy for the railways

A Bill embodying a plan to de-requisition houses within five years is published

The Russian Government decides to increase its expenditure on defence by about one-tenth

Friday, February 4

The Commonwealth Prime Ministers discuss the situation in the Far East. Sir Anthony Eden makes statement in Commons about the position of the islands off the Chinese mainland

The Government promises to introduce a clean-air Bill

A statement is published about the coming constitutional changes in Pakistan

Saturday, February 5

President Coty holds talks with French political leaders following defeat of M. Mendès-France in a debate on French North Africa

U.S. forces are ordered to help the Chinese Nationalists evacuate Tachen Islands

Sunday, February 6

U.S. naval forces sail from Formosa to assist evacuation from Tachen Islands

M. Pinay, leader of the French right-wing Independents, agrees to try to form a new government

South African delegate to the Commonwealth Prime Ministers' Conference leaves London for home

Monday, February 7

Sir Anthony Eden answers questions about Formosa in Commons

Pay increases for London bus workers are agreed

Tuesday, February 8

Mr. Malenkov resigns position of Chairman of Soviet Council of Ministers and is replaced by Marshal Bulganin, the Defence Minister

Commonwealth Prime Ministers conference ends in London



Her Royal Highness Princess Margaret driving through the streets of Port of Spain during her four-day stay in the capital of Trinidad last week. After a brief visit to Tobago on February 5, the Princess boarded the royal yacht *Britannia* in which she is visiting the other Caribbean Islands this month



The scene in Guildhall on February 7 as Mr. L. S. St. Laurent, the Canadian Prime Minister, received the Freedom of London. Mr. St. Laurent is seen being presented with the ceremonial casket by the Chamberlain of the City of London

Right: Ashdown House, Forest Row, Sussex, another house of historic interest towards the repair of which the Ministry of Works is making a grant. Built by Benjamin Latrobe (famous for his work in the United States, where he emigrated in 1796), it is one of two known architectural works by him in this country. The house is used today as a boys' preparatory school



A jet aircraft taking off from an American carrier to help cover the withdrawal of the Chinese Nationalists from the Tachen Islands, 200 miles north of Formosa. The withdrawal is being carried out under the protection of units of the United States Seventh Fleet



Archbishop of York, who on February 6, his was appointed a Knight Grand Cross of the Royal Victorian Order



M. Jean Chauvel, the new French Ambassador, photographed on his arrival at London Airport on February 2. He succeeds M. René Massigli who held the post for ten years



M. Mendès-France leaving the French National Assembly on February 5 after being defeated on a motion of confidence in his government's policy on North Africa. M. Mendès-France had been Prime Minister for eight months. M. Pinay, leader of the right-wing Independents, has been trying this week to form a government



Gathering daffodils last week in a market garden at Porthgwarra, near Land's End, Cornwall



Left: this year's supreme champion of Cruft's Dog Show held at Olympia, London, last week: poodle, Tzigane Aggri of Nashend, owned by Mrs. A. Proctor of Walton-on-Thames



Patch work

TORN TROUSERS are the same the whole world over. So are the needles that mend them.

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(continued from page 243)

the temple of Mithras in the City of London or of the Dead Sea Scrolls; we are taking a last look at the palimpsest we call time before 'there shall be time no longer' and 'the world's great age begins anew'.

So while the organised and exoteric expressions of the Christian religion, which have given our age its character, wane with the passing of the Christian era, there emerge, as the events of his life are said to do before the eyes of a drowning man, lost memories, so to say, of that era's beginnings. The Dead Sea Scrolls, it has been said, may transport us back to those beginnings, and give us a new understanding

of their nature. And in these books of Dr. Nicoll's the spiritual impulse of those beginnings springs up like the living water with which Christ baptised his followers. At the end of the pre-Christian age these were the new men in whom an eternal and ageless truth was vested on behalf of the age which was dawning, new men without whom the values underlying that Christian era could not have characterised and civilised it as they have. Now, at the end of the Christian era, who are the new men who will in turn carry those eternal truths and values beyond destruction and into the age which is to come? This all-important question Dr. Nicoll answers.—*Third Programme*

Philosophers and Idiots

By BERTRAND RUSSELL

WHEN I was very young I indulged, like other young people, in daydreams, but I was more fortunate than most in that some of them came true. One of my daydreams was of receiving flattering letters from learned foreigners who knew me only through my work. The first such letter that I actually received was something of a landmark. It was from the French philosopher Louis Couturat. He had written a big book on the mathematical infinite which I had reviewed with moderate praise. He wrote to tell me that when my book on the foundations of geometry was published he was given it to review and set to work 'armed with a dictionary', for he knew hardly any English. The rest of his letter consisted of the sort of praise that I had dreamt of. I made friends with him and visited him first at Caen and then in Paris.

Two Books on Leibniz

Independently of each other, we both published books on Leibniz, I in 1900 and he in 1901. My book had suggested a quite new interpretation of Leibniz's philosophy which I based upon a rather small number of texts. I regarded these texts as important because they made Leibniz's system much more profound and coherent than those upon which the traditional views of that system were based. Couturat, without knowing of my work, went to Hanover, where the Leibniz manuscripts were kept, and found innumerable unpublished papers which established the correctness of an interpretation closely similar to mine and no longer a matter of conjecture. But after this our paths diverged. He devoted himself to advocating an international language. Unfortunately, international languages are even more numerous than national ones. He did not like Esperanto, which was the general favourite, but preferred Ido. I learnt from him that Esperantists (so at least he assured me) were wicked beyond all previous depths of human depravity, but I never examined his evidence. He said that Esperanto had the advantage of allowing the word Esperantist for which Ido provided no analogue. 'But yes', I said, 'there is the word Idiot'. He, however, refused to have the advocates of Ido called idiots. He was killed by a lorry during the mobilisation of 1914.

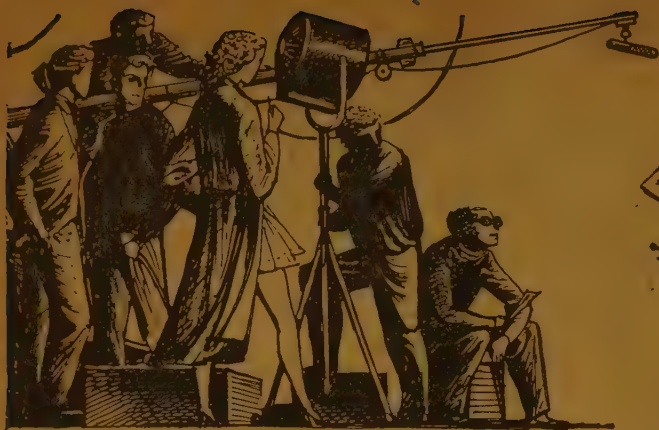
A much more important philosophical contact was with the Austrian philosopher Ludwig Wittgenstein, who began as my pupil and ended as my supplanter at both Oxford and Cambridge. He had intended to become an engineer and had gone to Manchester for that purpose. The training for an engineer required mathematics, and he was thus led to an interest in the foundations of mathematics. He inquired at Manchester whether there was such a subject and whether anybody worked at it. They told him about me, and so he came to Cambridge. He was queer, and his notions seemed to me odd, so that for a whole term I could not make up my mind whether he was a man of genius or merely an eccentric. At the end of his first term at Cambridge he came to me and said: 'Will you please tell me whether I am a complete idiot or not?' I replied, 'My dear fellow, I don't know. Why are you asking me?' He said, 'Because, if I am a complete idiot, I shall become an aeronaut; but, if not, I shall become a philosopher'. I told him to write me something during the vacation on some philosophical subject and I would then tell him whether he was a complete idiot or not. At the beginning of the following term he brought me the fulfilment of this suggestion. After reading only one sentence, I said to him: 'No, you must not become an aeronaut'. And he did not.

He was not, however, altogether easy to deal with. He used to come to my rooms at midnight and, for hours, he would walk backwards and forwards like a caged tiger. On arrival, he would announce that when he left my rooms he would commit suicide. So, in spite of getting sleepy, I did not like to turn him out. On one such evening, after an hour or two of dead silence, I said to him, 'Wittgenstein, are you thinking about logic or about your sins?' 'Both', he said, and then reverted to silence. However, we did not only meet at night. I used to take him long walks in the country round Cambridge. On one occasion I induced him to trespass with me in Madingley wood where, to my surprise, he climbed a tree. When he had got a long way up, a gamekeeper with a gun appeared and protested to me about the trespass. I called up to Wittgenstein and said the man had promised not to shoot if Wittgenstein got down within a minute. He believed me, and did so.

In the first world war he fought in the Austrian army and was taken prisoner by the Italians two days after the armistice. I had a letter from him from Monte Cassino, where he was interned, saying that fortunately he had had his manuscript with him when he was taken prisoner. This manuscript, which was published and became famous, had been written while he was at the front. He inherited a great fortune from his father, but he gave it away on the ground that money is only a nuisance to a philosopher. In order to earn his living, he became a village schoolmaster at a little place called Trattenbach, from which he wrote me an unhappy letter saying, 'The men of Trattenbach are wicked'. I replied, 'All men are wicked'. He rejoined, 'True, but the men of Trattenbach are more wicked than the men of any other place'. I retorted that my logical sense rebelled against such a statement; and there the matter rested until residence elsewhere enlarged his view as to the prevalence of sin. In his later years he was Professor of Philosophy at Cambridge, and most philosophers both there and at Oxford became his disciples. I myself was much influenced by his earlier doctrines, but in later years our views increasingly diverged. I saw little of him in his later years, but at the time when I knew him well he was immensely impressive as he had fire and penetration and intellectual purity to a quite extraordinary degree.

Resolute Absorption

A man who impressed me, not so much by his ability as by his resolute absorption in philosophy even under the most arduous circumstances, was the only Yugoslav philosopher of our time, whose name was Branislav Petronievic. I met him only once, in the year 1917. The only language we both knew was German and so we had to use it, although it caused people in the streets to look at us with suspicion. The Serbs had recently carried out their heroic mass retreat before the German invaders, and I was anxious to get a first-hand account of this retreat from him, but he only wanted to expound his doctrine that the number of points in space is finite and can be estimated by considerations derived from the theory of numbers. The consequence of this difference in our interests was a somewhat curious conversation. I said, 'Were you in the great retreat?' and he replied, 'Yes, but you see the way to calculate the number of points in space is . . .' I said, 'Were you on foot?' and he said, 'Yes, you see the number must be a prime'. I said, 'Did you not try to get a horse?' and he said, 'I started on a horse, but I fell off, and it should not be difficult to find



HOLLYWOOD goes to Leicester

THERE'S a little old man in Leicester who never misses his Saturday evening at the pictures. He has a very personal interest in most of the films he sees. For every weekday he sits at a bench, skilfully assembling lenses — the very lenses that the vast motion-picture industry cannot do without. He works at Taylor, Taylor and Hobson, whose factory sells £750,000-worth of goods each year, a substantial pro-



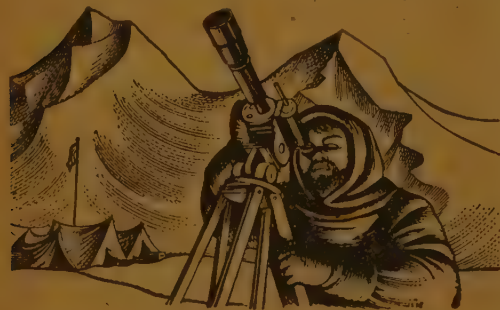
portion of them in dollar areas; whose lenses are used in 8 out of every 10 cameras in Hollywood—and in cameras

throughout the rest of the world. This company is only one of those which form the British Optical and Precision Engineers Group (B.O.P.E.), itself a subsidiary of the Rank Organisation. And last year B.O.P.E. obtained more than 50 per cent. of Britain's export turnover in the varied products which it handles.

STUDIO TO CINEMA

EVERY member company of B.O.P.E. is a specialist in its own sphere. British Acoustic Films produce recording and sound equipment, as well as 8 mm. and 16 mm. cine cameras and projectors; Kershaws of Leeds are famous for their cinema projectors, arc lamps and scientific and optical instruments; Gaumont-Kalee Seating add to their U.K. sales by exporting to all parts of the world, including the United States; Kalee send their curtains and draperies to cinemas as far apart as Jordan and Jamaica.

B.O.P.E. can indeed be proud of an impressive list of achievements through the years. The



Everest and North Greenland Expeditions were equipped with B.O.P.E. cameras. B.O.P.E. has equipped between 800 and 1,000 film stages outside Britain. B.O.P.E. supplied a special zoom lens used by the BBC for their Coronation Day TV programme.



WORLD-WIDE PROJECTION

Winning prestige and earning currency (including those valuable dollars) all over the world, B.O.P.E. is constantly engaged in vigorous research to improve existing products and to introduce new lines. It has played a vital part too as one of the many companies on which the Rank Group is widely based — and which have greatly helped this section of the British Film Industry to make so successful a recovery during the last five years.



out what prime'. In spite of all my efforts, I could get nothing further from him about anything so trivial as the Great War. I admired his capacity for intellectual detachment from the accidents of his corporeal existence, in which I felt that few ancient Stoics could have rivalled him. After the first world war he was employed by the Yugoslav Government to bring out a magnificent edition of the eighteenth-century Yugoslav philosopher Boscovic, but what happened to him after that I do not know.

One of the most important influences on my work was the German mathematician Georg Cantor. He developed the theory of infinite numbers in epoch-making work which showed amazing genius. The work was very difficult and for a long time I did not fully understand it. I copied it, almost word for word, into a notebook because I found that this slow mode of progression made it more intelligible. While I was doing so I thought his work fallacious, but nevertheless persisted. When

I had finished I discovered that the fallacies had been mine and not his. He was an eccentric man, and when he was not doing epoch-making work in mathematics he was writing books to prove that Bacon wrote Shakespeare. He sent me one of these books with an inscription on the cover saying, 'I see your motto is Kant or Cantor'. Kant was his bugbear. In a letter to me he described him as, 'Yonder sophisticated Philistine who knew so little mathematics'. He was a pugnacious man and, when he was in the middle of a great controversy with the French mathematician Henri Poincaré, he wrote to me, 'I shall not be the succumbent', which indeed proved to be the case. To my lasting regret, I never met him. Just at a moment when I was to have met him, his son fell ill and he had to return to Germany.

These are only a few of the men who have influenced me. I can think of three who have influenced me even more. They are the Italian Peano, the German Frege, and my friend, G. E. Moore.

—General Overseas Service

Letters to the Editor

The Editor welcomes letters on broadcasting subjects or topics arising out of articles or talks printed in THE LISTENER but reserves the right to shorten letters for reasons of space

Morals without Religion

Sir,—There is a valuable tradition that a writer or broadcaster does not usually reply to his critics, especially when they impute 'insidious' motives. I hope I shall not be held to have broken with this tradition if I deal briefly with some of the attacks on my broadcast that have been made by your correspondents.

I said that much current apologetics shows a defiant anti-intellectualism, and that there is not much attempt today to defend Christian dogmas by reasoning. Mr. Scrutton and Mr. Nolan object to this statement, and ask on what evidence it is based. It is based, first, on that knowledge of modern trends in apologetics that can hardly fail to be gained by an interested person who lives in the 'Gifford Belt', in which Barth, Marcel, and Tillich have lectured; and, secondly, on many years' experience of discussion with Christians, most of whom have shown a strong tendency to appeal to the logic of the heart, and to claim (with the *Daily Mail* leader-writer) that Christian beliefs are 'beyond and above the criteria of reason'. If I wanted further confirmation of my statement, I should seek it by analysing the press correspondence that has followed my broadcasts, and seeing what proportion of those who disagree with my views make any attempt to refute them by argument.

Mr. Nolan, who defends the rationality of religious belief, is immediately followed by Mr. Kenmare, who asserts that 'true religion' is not a system of belief at all, but 'belongs precisely to the same category as art, music, poetry, etc.' If this view were accepted, there would be no conflict between Christians and humanists; but the Churches' reaction to Mr. Kenmare's suggestion may well be *non tali auxilio*.

Mr. Duckworth claims to have solved the problem of reconciling the existence of evil with the omnipotence and benevolence of God. Evil, he says, is the result of man's freedom of choice. This is unsatisfactory even in relation to sin, as Mr. Solomon effectively shows; and it does not touch the problem of disease and suffering, particularly animal suffering. Mr. Lee holds that it is 'arrogant presumption for us to think that we can define what is or is not evil'. It is difficult to know what use the term 'evil' serves, if it is arrogant presumption for us to attempt to apply it; but Mr. Lee's point of view should appeal strongly to criminals.

I will not attempt to deal with Lord Winster's distortions, except by suggesting that he re-read the scripts of my talks. If he is interested

in the causes of delinquency, may I refer him to the Institute for the Scientific Treatment of Delinquency, which will provide him with ample factual material?

To Lord Winster and others who describe my views and arguments as antiquated, may I say, in conclusion, that I have never regarded novelty as a criterion of truth, and that an unanswered argument is none the worse for being repeated?—Yours, etc.,

Bucksburn

MARGARET KNIGHT

Sir,—Those who, like myself, have religious convictions should be most grateful to the B.B.C. and to Mrs. Knight for the stimulation they have provided. I am sure my colleague in the Upper House, Lord Winster, will agree with this. But while I am equally sure he is as earnestly desirous of serving truth and encouraging righteousness among young and old as is Mrs. Knight, may I submit that his plea for a Theistic sanction for good behaviour may be as much open to criticism as the 'scientific humanism' of the lady he criticises.

Personally, I think Mrs. Knight should discriminate between 'orthodox' theological associations and an essential reality discoverable within and beneath its intellectual or poetic exfoliation. We can appreciate chemistry although originally it was confused with alchemy, astronomy although emerging from astrology, and a sublime moral consciousness although evolving from seminal social expediency. Moreover, one can be a scientific humanist and also an intelligent theist.

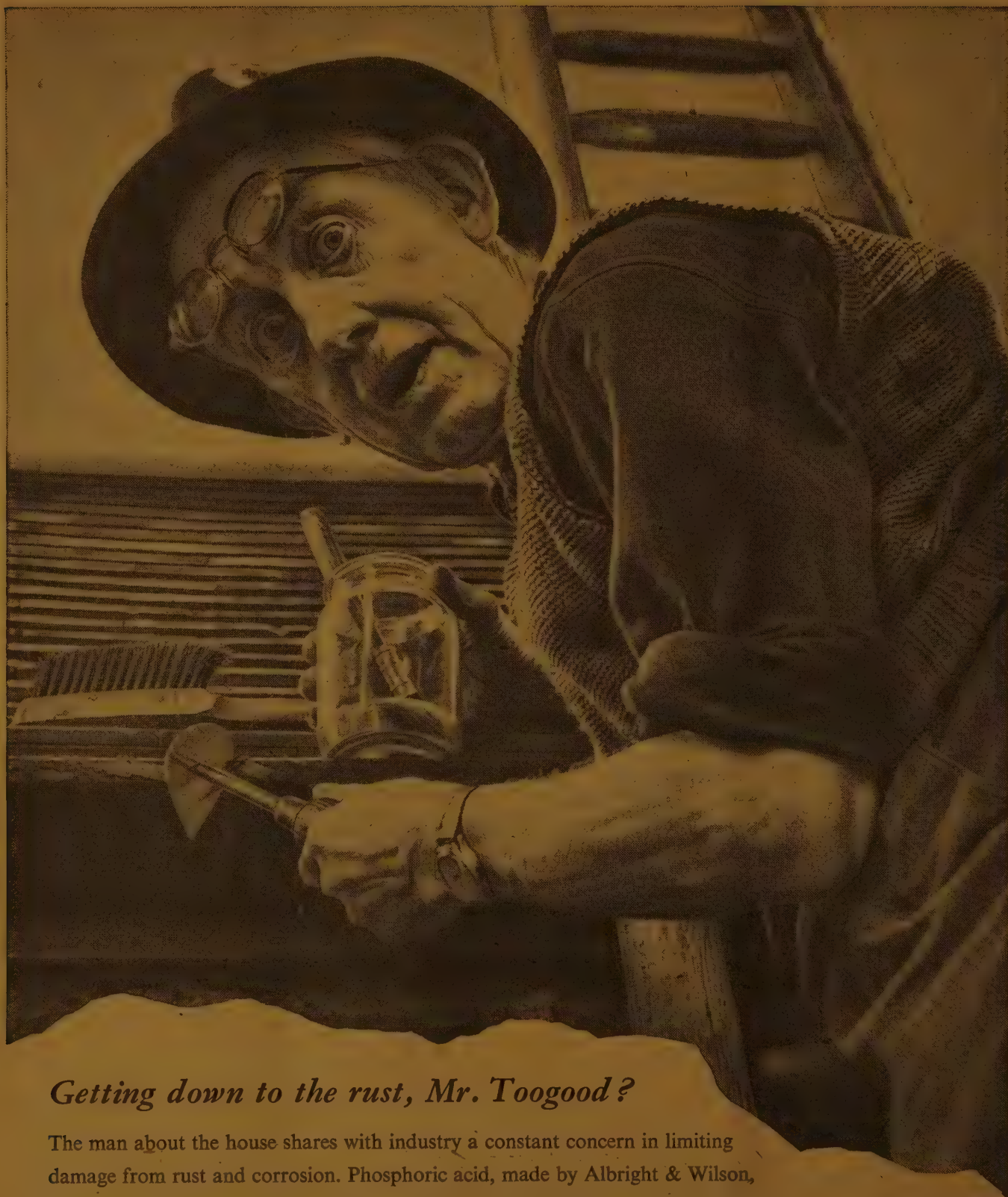
Nevertheless, the assumption that good behaviour and noble aspirations with children depend on reference to a theological authority needs more careful consideration than Lord Winster or his ecclesiastical brethren in the House of Lords appear to give. The influence of authority may, indeed, be considerable, for the mere appearance of a policeman has often caused a swift withdrawal of juveniles enviously examining my apple tree over the fence even more surely than the possibility of authoritative parental reproof on previous irregular excursions. I doubt, however, whether invocation of the, or a, Deity has necessarily a greater effect. In former days, when it was more customary to profess theological belief, juvenile delinquency was not correspondingly less, nor for that matter was adult behaviour more ethical. Unquestioned theological belief did not deter saints from spurring Crusaders to destroy human infidels any more than did worship of the Old Testament

Jehovah relieve him of pleasure in martial slaughter. We humans have imposed gross humiliation, torture, and crucifixion on those whose opinion or conduct we did not endorse, and frequently we have done so in the name of God!

Children have wayward and cruel proclivities but an inclination to tear off flies' wings is more likely to be checked by the example and transmission of adult compassionate qualities than by theological homilies. A shrewd human offspring might even begin to argue that if God's little creature, the spider, can entrap, swathe, and later consume God's little creature, a fly, then he is entitled to emulate God's ways. Morally we condemn seeming or actual cruelty because of the growth of moral consciousness, just as we no longer burn witches as did those who believed God required them to do so. 'Man-made laws' embody this human growth, and so does the legislation Lord Winster and I helped to pass which has established a Welfare State superior in its moral content to those former times when theological dogmatism was more comprehensively accepted.

Of course we can claim that an ampler revelation of the Divine Will now exists. Even so, this has required deeper human reflection, and the cumulative effect of this has been the richer investment of the nature of God by our rational and emotional discovery. Likewise those who would retain what some would call earlier and cruder concepts of God do so only by employing their dexterous human reason for the task. In the name of God we have both demanded and also denounced belief in eternal damnation, the Immaculate Conception, righteous wars, feminine subjugation, slavery, socialism, monarchical despotism, and intellectual sterility. These differences of interpretation have been conditioned by our mental and moral capacity, and their registration in conscience has fluctuated accordingly.

Notwithstanding this relativity I believe there is a discernible accumulation of moral values in personality that are indicative of human fulfilment and that it is as valid to describe this as the cosmic purpose or the Will of God for man as it is to postulate inherent energy within natural phenomena. It may be helpful for children if we frankly confess there is much in the world through which they must travel that is dark and inscrutable but that there is a pathway thereto which is illumined by the spiritual valour, travail, and splendour in the story of Jesus Christ. To have faith in that, we can



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sure them through appropriate media, will equip them to resolve an inevitable conflict between increasingly cherished values and a seemingly hostile world. I think Mrs. Knight adequately assesses the relevance of that type of spiritually dynamic authority to the full needs of the child.

Her educational proposals are not confined to diagnostics but are familiar psychological experiments open to modification or replacement with the expansion of our human wisdom; but critics of these should remember that much of our present psychological understanding of children was originally scorned as ridiculous. On one thing we can surely all agree, and that is the aramouty of our patient human love as the best means by which our transcendent moral values, whether from God or from man, can be conveyed to the new generation.

Yours, etc.,

House of Commons REGINALD SORENSEN

Sir,—From statistics of the small number of churchgoers today in comparison with those of an earlier generation Mrs. Knight drew the astonishing conclusion that the scientific attitude of modern days rejects what she regards as legends. Has she not heard of the enormous crowds who travelled far to listen to the sermons of Billy Graham? Has she forgotten that today thousands who are religiously-minded listen to the daily talks, the church services, and the cathedral broadcasts? Our grandparents had no such modern aids to help them; they had nothing to do on the Sunday except the visit to their beloved church.

As a lecturer in psychology she ought to know the important evidence of the value of religion given in the writing of the eminent psychologists C. G. Jung and William James. C. G. Jung has recorded that although the neuroses are so common today, they do not affect those who have a religious faith. In his book, *Psychology and Religion*, he writes:

Religious experience is indisputable. You can say that you have never had such an experience, and your opponent will say 'Sorry, but I have'. No matter what the world thinks about religious experience, the one who has it possesses the great treasure of that which has provided him with a source of life, meaning and beauty. He has *pistis* and peace. Where is the criterion by which you could say that such experience is not valid? Nobody knows what ultimate things are. We must take them as we experience them. And if such experience helps to make your life healthier, more beautiful, more complete and more satisfactory to yourself and to those you love, you may safely say 'That was the grace of God'.

Yours, etc.,

London, W.1 AGNES SAVILL

Sir,—Mrs. Knight should not be allowed to get away with her surprising statement that 'Orthodox Christianity is completely inconsistent with the facts of evil'. It should at least be pointed out that the problem of evil is forced upon us by the first chapters of Genesis and is kept almost in the forefront of our attention throughout the Old and New Testaments. It is difficult to believe that a religion built upon such a foundation should have met with such outstanding success if, in spite of it all, it remained 'inconsistent with the facts of evil'.

Is it not significant, too, that Mrs. Knight uses one of the greatest of Christian teachers to put 'the unanswerable dilemma' for her at its most forceful, and yet does not think it necessary to explain the fact that (nor does she even appear to notice that) his recognition of the dilemma did not in any way disturb his Christian faith, in which he has been followed by countless thinkers ever since.—Yours, etc.,

Aylesbury R. J. MOCKRIDGE

Sir,—In reply to Mr. J. D. Solomon I would say that God does indeed 'take steps' to prevent man from committing evil, and that He does so without trespassing upon human freedom of choice in spiritual things. Such 'steps' are innumerable—the provision of the Word for human guidance, the gift of the rational human mind, the implantation of good affections in the human heart, and so on. The Divine Providence is ubiquitous, forever seeking to lead man to good, but never compelling him. For the Divine method is that of enlightenment and education, and not of restriction.

A wise father, truly, teaches his children not to commit acts of folly and danger. He knows, too, that children must be guarded from danger, and prevented—sometimes forcibly—from mischief. Yet the wise parent realises that the time comes inevitably when the children must be left to act in freedom. For the fact is that, though we are all children of the Heavenly Father, we are not 'little children', but men and women, placed in this world to exercise responsibility, and to work out the problems of good and evil.

Your correspondent should face up to the alternatives presented in his query. Either God is responsible for our acts, or we are. If God controls human behaviour, and such behaviour is at any time monstrous, then God is monstrous. But if—as I believe—man is responsible for his moral behaviour, yet is able to be helped at all times by the wise provisions of God, then life has a meaning and purpose.

To say simply 'Thy will be done', apart from all other considerations, seems to me to be sheer evasion, bordering on fatalism.—Yours, etc.,

London, N.12

DENNIS DUCKWORTH

Sir,—Of course I agree with Mr. John Seymour that it is immoral to teach children what one does not oneself believe, merely for the sake of expediency. But I was not concerned in my letter to defend my belief in the truth of Christianity: I merely wished to suggest that morals without religion could not be relied on to produce satisfactory results in practice. Incidentally, in a rational universe, the fact that a certain belief 'works' is an argument of some weight in favour of its possession of some degree of truth.—Yours, etc.,

Shepton Mallet

R. KENNARD DAVIS

Persia: a Country Between Two Worlds

Sir,—Now that the text of Mr. William Clark's broadcast on Persia lies before me (THE LISTENER, February 3), I feel that I cannot allow some of its more egregious inaccuracies to pass without comment. I do this the more readily because they seem to be basic to his theory that Persia is in a state of decay, and can only be revived by 'shots in the arm' from some international agency. The facts are quite otherwise.

Mr. Clark's chief grouse seems to have been about the transport situation. He complains that the roads are 'empty, desolate, deserted', and that he 'often drove thirty or forty miles without seeing a living being'. The same could be said of some areas of the United States; but anyone who has travelled at all widely in Persia, even in mid-winter, can from personal experience disprove this statement as a general observation. Most ludicrous of all is Mr. Clark's interpretation of the 'deserted caravanserais' as 'signs of civilisation running down'; in fact they merely mark the great advance in the use of motor traffic, which has eliminated the need for these roadside stops between towns.

Mr. Clark goes on to announce his discovery of an inscription, unknown to the experts, of Xerxes at Persepolis, in which that monarch is said to have claimed that he built roads by which India or Greece could be reached 'in a few days'. All Persian monarchs, of course, have built and maintained roads, though never to the

extent of such inroads upon the hard facts of space and time. Some 600 years later a claimant for the throne is said to have covered 350 miles in two days, thereby setting up an all-time record—until the introduction of motor transport. Now of course it is quite normal to cover by road a distance of 700 miles—say, from Teheran to Bushire—in the same space of time, without any glittering prize at the other end.

I cannot, of course, pretend to know what sudden cataclysm on the occasion of Mr. Clark's visit put out of action the perfectly good metalled highway that passes Persepolis on its way to Shiraz. But so far as the rest of his journey is concerned, anyone who is foolish enough to travel to Abadan by way of Shiraz is asking for everything he gets; one might as well try to go to Aberdeen by way of the Isle of Skye.

It is true that the railway has not yet reached Isfahan. But there has been a good metalled road for the past twenty years or so, and there is not 'an occasional plane from Teheran' but a daily one, and two on Mondays. During the past thirty years 15,000 miles of highways and 1,500 miles of railway have been built, all on Persian initiative and linking up every part of the country—including, and not least, Abadan. Mr. Clark might have corrected his impressions had he troubled to read something of Persia's recent history; this would at least have enabled him to avoid the completely misleading statement that 'the population of Persia has fallen steadily in the last 500 years'. Even if we accept the almost certainly exaggerated figure of 30,000,000 as the sixteenth-century population of Persia, we must remember to include in that figure large provinces in the Caucasus and Central Asia that were subsequently lost to the Persian Empire (though it never extended 'from the Pacific to the Mediterranean')! At the end of the nineteenth century the figure stood at some 8,000,000; now it is round about 18,000,000. Doubling the population in fifty years hardly suggests decadence.

Mr. Clark completely ignores the remarkable industrial advances made in Persia between the wars, and scarcely interrupted by the Allied occupation. He refers to the A.I.O.C.'s handful of schools, but omits all mention of the 9,000 schools established by the Persian Ministry of Education during the past thirty years.

But naturally his most misleading remarks concern the question of oil. I have mentioned that Abadan, so far from being isolated from the rest of Persia, is now closely linked by road, rail, and plane; indeed the Transiranian Railway was routed as it was for the specific purpose of bringing Abadan into the Persian economy. It is true that the A.I.O.C. made little or no effort to assist this development (Mr. Clark's comment on the absence of fuel oil in villages in some parts of Persia is significant); all the evidence indeed goes to show that it has been the intervention of foreign agencies, and not the lack of it, that has retarded Persia's material and social progress. The 'two years of idleness' in Abadan between 1951 and 1954—to quote the most recent example—were not due to Persian incompetence, but to the refusal of the international oil cartel to permit the independent marketing of Persian oil abroad.

I will not comment further on Mr. Clark's general thesis. There may be a good case for foreign economic aid to Persia. But we will not get very far with this or any other 'underdeveloped' country if we continue to 'patronise' them, if we assume that they are incapable of doing things for themselves and that they have no resources of native ability. There was a time when the east led the world, and it may do so again before very long.

Yours, etc.,

Edinburgh, 10

L. P. ELWELL-SUTTON



Pastures Green

GRASSLAND is one of Britain's greatest national resources, for grass is the natural food of cattle and sheep, and upon its abundance and quality depends the production of more meat and milk. To-day—in a world seriously short of these things—the improvement and development of grassland is recognised as the foundation of our agricultural expansion. It has not always been so, and it is largely due to the vision and patient researches of a few pioneers that the essential knowledge and techniques are now available to the British farmer. I.C.I. was among the first to apply scientific methods to the many problems connected with growing grass, raising its nutritional value and ensuring that the most efficient use is made of it. As long ago as 1928, an I.C.I. experimental farm was established at Jealott's Hill in Berkshire where practical research in grassland management was undertaken.

The benefits of this and other work have been far-reaching—from the development of new methods for controlling the grazing of cattle to the production of improved fertilisers. I.C.I.'s "Nitro-Chalk" for example, has shown remarkable results as a grassland fertiliser. Its use not only raises the food value of grass, but makes it grow more abundantly and for a longer period, thus extending the grazing season and helping to save imports of cattle feeding-stuffs. Another I.C.I. development is the drying of grass by machines, a method which makes it possible to preserve its full nutritive value almost indefinitely. I.C.I. is still pioneering, and the new knowledge of grassland problems that it is gaining will help the British farmer to produce still more from British acres.

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A TEAM OF TWO

by PODALIRIUS

"Sound living makes sound healing," my old father Asklepios (Aesculapius, if you like) used to say.

It was his mildly memorable way of stating the obvious that got him the reputation of being a demigod. Actually he was rather a simple old chap, and quite unscientific. Still, that saying of his (which is almost proverbial by now) often came into my head during the Trojan War. My brother, Machaon, and I were both in the Greek Army Medical Corps; in fact you might say we *were* the Greek Army Medical Corps. I must say those Greeks were a homeric lot: they took some shocking knocks, but seldom died unnecessarily. They were thoroughly fit, trained in athletics, and eating a good mixed diet of meat, dairy produce, brown bread, fresh fruit and honey—a beautiful example of what my old father meant.

And what good patients! Ready to trust you and do as you said, but keenly interested in their treatment and determined to have a clear idea of what they might expect. They put their backs into getting fit again, too, working at it like—I was going to say "like Trojans," but actually I didn't see much of the Trojan wounded.

I remember how different things seemed when we got back into civilian practice. Machaon, especially, took it very much to heart. I ran into him one morning coming out of one of the Aesclepieia (those little health centres they started all over Greece, in honour of our father). "Half the patients I've seen to-day," he said, "enjoy bad health for its prestige value; and the rest expect you to give them a tot from the fountain of youth." Poor old Machaon, he's a very impatient chap, a typical surgeon.

All the same, I knew what he meant. I call to mind a delightful old comedian lying back in the sunshine in his garden, while we doctors boomed about his bed like pouter pigeons. He had hurt one leg a trifle at the baths. "As far as I can see," he said complacently, "it's going to take you three weeks to get me right." He seemed to have washed his hands of the whole affair.

Now I call that having too much faith in the doctor altogether. Doctors aren't demigods to achieve miracles; nor are they hacks to be abused if they don't deliver the cure on time—though I've seen them treated as both in the course of the centuries. When surgery declined into the hands of the barbers I could hardly persuade Machaon to be seen out with me; he thought it might injure my reputation. Now, of course, times have changed, and I get into a dinner jacket when I go to dine with Machaon; but that's by the way. It was a great thing for both medicine and the sick when we reached equilibrium in the last century with the ideal of the family doctor—a comrade in arms against your disorder, an equal with special knowledge which he puts at your disposal while you deal with the enemy. After all, it's *your* body, and a good patient never lets his doctor forget that. As my old father used to say (though I now put it on record for the first time), "It takes two to make a cure."

P.

May we emphasize that Aesculapius' ideas of "sound living" included sound nutrition—now admitted by his successors to be by far the most important factor in health. Many doctors, with this in mind, tell patients to take Bemax (Plain or Chocolate-Flavoured) daily, to ensure sound nutrition despite the deficiency risks in present-day foods. If you enjoy Podalirius' essays ask for a copy of "The Prosings of Podalirius." Send p.c. to address below.

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Early Churches in South-east Turkey

Sir,—Your correspondent, Mr. W. H. Meacock, suggests (THE LISTENER, January 27) that the discovery in 1917 of the underground basilica near the Porta Maggiore in Rome and, more recently, of the Mithraeum in London, demonstrates clearly that the first Christians in building their churches simply borrowed a form which was already in religious use. That such apsidal sanctuaries may have had an influence on the choice of an apsidal form of church is indeed possible, though by no means certain.

The problem of how the basilican church, with its allowance for the characteristic features of Christian worship, originated is another matter and one that is still *sub judice*. It may have developed from the internal arrangement of the private Roman house, in which it would have been natural to hold services during the centuries of persecution, or from the pagan basilica, designed from the first as a place of assembly. It may even have derived from the conversion of pagan temples into the churches of the new religion (e.g., the temple of Zeus at Diocaesarea in Cilicia Trachea, of Aphrodite at Aphrodisias, and the Greek temple—now the cathedral—at Syracuse). Whatever its origin, however, it is certain that the Roman-Hellenistic basilican church with its narthex, nave, bema, and apse must have been the subject of deliberation, experiment, and ultimately of decision on the part of Christians during the first four centuries after Christ.—Yours, etc.,

Edinburgh

M. R. E. GOUGH

What It Means To Be French

Sir,—It is unkind of Mr. Gillie to imply (THE LISTENER, February 3) that those of us who are British by naturalisation and therefore are 'British and nothing else', wear nothing underneath our British suits. Our underclothes may lack the warmth of English, Scottish, or Welsh woollies, but they are there nevertheless, if a trifle threadbare. And I, personally, who have savoured two nationalities before my

present one find that my British suit fits quite well and very comfortably over my two sets of undergarments.—Yours, etc.,

London, N.W.3

L. R. B. ELTON

Holland Remade

Sir,—In my talk on Holland (THE LISTENER, January 13) I tried to give an over-all picture of Dutch recovery. Mrs. M. A. Muller-Mercer in her letter, printed in THE LISTENER of January 27, disagrees with me in my estimate of the housing situation.

Obviously, conditions in Holland, as elsewhere, vary from town to town, but taking the situation as a whole I still think conditions are approaching normal. Delft, of which Mrs. Muller-Mercer writes, is, I agree, not one of the towns where the building programme has caught up with the needs of the inhabitants, but then Delft had a housing problem even before the war. It is, however, an exaggeration to say that the situation there is 'rather worse than six years ago'. Mrs. Muller-Mercer cites her own case. Let me cite that of friends of mine. In 1945 when they married they were allocated (in Delft) two rooms and a kitchen. In 1949 they were given a house with a living-room, three bedrooms, kitchen, and bathroom. Recently they moved to Gouda, where inside three months they obtained a four-bedroomed house. They now have, it is true, two children. But other friends, a childless couple, were allocated a small flat in Gouda within a few months of moving into the town.

People may now build their own houses, and the Dutch Government helps with quite substantial subsidies.

Mrs. Muller-Mercer thinks the new houses are not solidly built and are expensive. Compared with pre-war building this is probably correct, but in both quality and price they compare very favourably with new houses in this country. In many ways I thought the houses which I saw in Delft (municipal houses) were rather better designed than equivalent types here. My only complaint about them is that I did not care for the shower installation instead of a

bath, but in that I may be just a little old-fashioned.—Yours, etc.,

Belfast

JEANNE COOPER FOSTER

The Church and the Artist

Sir,—May we endorse the excellent suggestions made in a letter by F. Heming Vaughan in THE LISTENER of January 27. What about an annual 'Pictures for Churches' exhibition? But it might be salutary, first, to have one of early religious art of Burlington House status, to encourage a robust tradition.—Yours, etc.

PEGGY ANGUS

London, N.W.3

GLADYS ANDERSON

A New Interpretation of the Gospels

Sir,—Listeners who write in response to the broadcast in the Third Programme on January 23 [printed in THE LISTENER this week], by Mr. R. H. Ward on 'The New Man' may be interested to know that the late Dr. Maurice Nicoll's practical teaching is being continued in London. Information can be obtained from the Secretary, New End House, 16 New End, Hampstead, N.W.3.—Yours, etc.,

London, N.W.3

BERYL C. POGSON

The Novel and the Reader

Sir,—Mr. Graham Hough erred in saying (THE LISTENER, January 27) that Mr. Aldous Huxley uses the device of a jumbled time sequence in *Point Counter Point*. The only novel in which he does this is *Eyeless in Gaza*.

Yours, etc.,

London, W.13

J. TRENNERY

Oranges and Grapefruit

Sir,—With respect to a recipe, published in THE LISTENER of February 3, I should be grateful for some explanation. Is the grapefruit to be peeled before baking? In which way is the honey to be added?—Yours, etc.,

Plymouth

H. TIETZE

[We have shown this letter to Mrs. Cradock who replies that the grapefruit is not peeled before baking. Before putting the grapefruit in the oven, cut it in half, remove pips and centre pith, and spoon the honey over the flesh]

Poems in the Porch

[Mr. Betjeman wishes it to be understood that this is simply a contribution in rhyme to the controversy aroused by Mrs. Knight's broadcasts]

Now is the time when we recall
The sharp Conversion of S. Paul.
Converted! Turned the wrong way round—
A man who seemed till then quite sound,
Keen on religion—very keen;
No one, it seems, had ever been
So keen on persecuting those
Who said that Christ was God and chose
To die for this absurd belief
As Christ had died beside the thief.
Then in a sudden blinding light
Saul knew that Christ was God all right
And very promptly lost his sight.
Poor Paul! They led him by the hand
He who had been so high and grand
A helpless blunderer, fasting, waiting,
Three days inside himself debating
In physical blindness: As it's true
That Christ is God and died for you
Remember all the things you did
To keep His gospel message hid.
Remember how you helped them even
To throw the stones which murdered Stephen.
And do you think that you are strong
Enough to own that you were wrong?
They must have been an awful time,
Those three long days repenting crime

Till Ananias came and Paul
Received his sight and more than all
His former strength and was baptised.

Saint Paul is often criticised
By modern people who're annoyed
At his conversion, saying Freud
Explains it all. But they omit
The really vital point of it,
Which isn't *how* it was achieved
But what it is that Paul believed.
He knew as certainly as we
Know you are you and I am me
That Christ was all He claimed to be.

What is conversion? Turning round
From chaos to a love profound.
And chaos too is an abyss
In which the only life is this.
Such a belief is quite all right
If you are sure like Mrs. Knight
And think morality will do
For all the ills we're subject to.
But raise your eyes and see with Paul
An explanation of it all.
Injustice, cancer's cruel pain,
All suffering that seems in vain,
The vastness of the universe,
Creatures like centipedes and worse,
All part of an enormous plan
Which mortal eyes can never scan

And out of it came God to man.
Jesus is God and came to show
The world we live in here below
Is just an antechamber where
We for His Father's house prepare.

What is conversion? Not at all
For me the experience of S. Paul,
No blinding light, a fitful glow
Is all the light of faith I know
Which sometimes goes completely out
And leaves me plunging round in doubt
Until I will myself to go
And worship in God's house below—
My parish Church and even there
I find distractions everywhere.

What is conversion? Turning round
To gaze upon a love profound.
For some of us see Jesus plain
And never once look back again,
And some of us have seen and known
And turned and gone away alone.
But most of us turn slow to see
The Figure hanging on the Tree
And stumble on and blindly grope
Upheld by intermittent hope.
God grant before we die we all
May see the light as did S. Paul.

JOHN BETJEMAN

—West of England Home Service

Art

The Courbet Exhibition in Paris

By ALAN CLUTTON-BROCK

AT the moment when the realist revolution in French painting appears to have succeeded—among the 500 or so pictures in the Salon de la Jeune Peinture last month there was not one abstract work—the display of 100 Courbets at the Petit Palais is an event of some importance. Courbet has inevitably become the inspiration of this artistic movement, both because of his politics and because of his painting. But it must be supposed that most of the young painters view his work, very properly, with a highly selective vision, disregarding his abundance until they find in his painting support for their own necessarily more restricted aims. *Gigantesque et charmant* is what M. André Chamson calls Courbet in the preface to the exhibition catalogue, and though the pictures of his present-day followers are gigantic enough, the painters themselves would be the first to protest if anyone called their work charming.

This is not, the management of the Petit Palais admit, the perfect Courbet exhibition that ought one day to fill the whole of the museum and unite with all the smaller works such paintings as 'the Atelier', the 'Enterrement', and the 'Demoiselles de Village'. But even without his greatest performances it gives a wide enough view of his genius to prohibit any simple definition of his art as being that of a realist, and still less that of a social realist. The pictures belonging to the Petit Palais itself naturally form the nucleus of the exhibition. 'The Demoiselles des Bords de la Seine' makes a radiant centre-piece in one room and the recently and courageously acquired 'Le Sommeil' dominates another; opposite the entrance is the huge unfinished canvas of the 'Pompiers Courant à un Incendie', a work which might prove very exciting if something could be done to make it less black. Provincial French museums, and the Musée de Montpellier in particular, have sent works of the quality of 'La Fileuse Endormie' and 'Le Rencontre'; clean and brilliant, 'Le Rencontre' is a startling picture at first sight because of the unusual combination of precisely observed southern light with sharply defined and firmly modelled forms. Many admirable works have also come from foreign museums and English collections. The exhibition is nearly twice as large as last year's Courbet exhibition in Venice and it includes forty-one out of the fifty-three works shown there.

If the history of Courbet's life were unknown and his political opinions unrecorded there might still be much in his art to rouse the devotion of the young artists of today; they have the same kind of admiration for Rembrandt without having to take his views into account. Moreover, there are some of Courbet's pictures in which it might well be possible to detect without previous knowledge that his realism came from the left and was inspired by the pity or indignation of an opponent of the Second Empire. But as a whole the paintings here can hardly be said to give any plain expression to either of these emotions.

According to Riat, the author of the best book on Courbet, there could be no more brutally expressive an evocation of the courtesans of the time than the 'Demoiselles des Bords de la Seine', but in front of what now seems a luxury and splendour equal to that of the great Venetians this view may be considered wholly fantastic; it seems as absurd as Proudhon's judgement that the two girls are ultimately horrible because 'Pride, Adultery, Divorce, and Suicide, re-placing Cupids, swarm about them as their companions'. Judged as artists, the distance between Courbet and Frith or some other anecdotal painter of the time is immeasurable, but as naturalists they are not, after

all, such poles apart; there is really a much greater difference between Rembrandt's variety of realism and that of the later Dutch painters who exactly hit the taste of the merchant who bought their work.

Courbet's most hostile critics were themselves puzzled by the difficulty of distinguishing between his scenes of low life and those executed by placing and universally acceptable Dutchmen in the seventeenth century; they decided, not very convincingly, that the Dutchmen had a sense of humour but Courbet had not. And by the 'sixties it had obviously become difficult for Courbet's numerous customers, or for anyone except left-wing politicians, to distinguish between the morality that inspired his realism and that which inspired the realism of popular artists like Meissonier. The retired Turkish ambassador who commissioned 'Le Sommeil' would hardly have



'Le Rencontre', by Courbet, from the exhibition at the Petit Palais in Paris

been content with his picture if he had been able to detect in it any social or political implications at all.

Because he was the great forerunner of the impressionists it is natural to suppose that Courbet's realism was as direct as theirs, a record of the artist's immediate sensations in front of his subject. But the more of his pictures one sees the more doubtful this appears. Even for large compositions of many figures he made hardly any drawings, but began painting straight away on the canvas. Sometimes, as in the 'Enterrement', he seems to have worked directly from models brought into the studio; sometimes, as in the 'Atelier', he worked from a photograph or from portraits he had painted in the past. He sometimes made what he called *préparations*, oil sketches for a larger composition. But if 'La Toilette de la Mariée' is compared with the existing studies for the 'Demoiselles des Bords de la Seine' it seems clear that this also is a *préparation*, not an unfinished picture, and it is obvious that the figures in the 'Toilette' are not painted from the model at all. No doubt he had many methods, some involving direct observation but others, as in his pictures of animals in movement, depending on a highly developed visual memory or a great power of invention. He first learned realism in the museums from the study of the Dutch and Spanish schools, and in the end it is to the old masters, rather than to the impressionists or the modern social realists, that he seems most akin.

The Listener's Book Chronicle

Still Digging. By Sir Mortimer Wheeler.

Michael Joseph. 15s.

SIR MORTIMER WHEELER has recently declared that every man has two autobiographies—the one he writes, and the one he daren't write. The avid reader of autobiography may think, while luxuriating in the first two chapters of this exciting book—two charmingly and humanly written chapters about his boyhood in the provinces—that he is really going to be taken behind the scenes of this brilliant man's career. But he will be disappointed, for with the end of adolescence and the constant and ever-stimulating companionship of his delightfully portrayed father, so far as the reader is concerned, the iron enters into the soul of his subject. The curtain is not lifted again—or only very briefly.

But though the curtain may not be up, what scenes are enacted upon the apron stage! As we leave the experiences of boyhood and youth in which we can all share, we enter a world of enterprise and adventure in war and archaeology which brought Wheeler the Command of an Anti-Aircraft Brigade in the 1939-45 war, and Directorships of Museums and Institutes before and after the war interlude. We do not share these experiences, nor indeed see how the man himself is changing since his schooldays in Yorkshire or his student days in University College, London, under Housman, Platt and Ker. Rather do we see a spectacle, a pageant of travel and achievement.

There can be few people who have achieved so much in one lifetime in the spheres of archaeological research, organisation, teaching, and inspiration. We are taken from excavations in Colchester and Caerleon and Caernarvon to Maiden Castle and Verulamium, from reconnaissances in the Middle East to more digging and organising in India. Sir Mortimer is still digging and writing up the results of his work, or planning fresh ventures. Sir Flinders Petrie once wrote a book with the provocative title of *Seventy Years in Archaeology*: Wheeler, with forty-five years in hand already, is on the way to write another such book, and it is certainly a possibility from a man with the vigour and initiative which illumine all these pages. Occasional infelicities of style and expression mar the generally high standard of writing in *Still Digging*. That two of these should occur in the description of short periods of war leave is perhaps not surprising in a man who evidently has never really been on leave in his life.

Collected Poems. By Stephen Spender.

Faber. 15s.

This new collection of Mr. Spender's poems creates a much better impression than the sum total of the various volumes from which it is drawn. In his preface the author tells us that the book is 'a weeded, though not a tidied up or altered garden'. Mr. Spender has done well to put his garden in order by ruthlessly sacrificing the failures of earlier phases.

Of the Faber quartet of the 'thirties Stephen Spender is perhaps the best: not the most characteristic, not the most technically assured, not the most intellectually gifted, but the most genuine in his search for personal integrity in the service of poetry. Mr. Edwin Muir has said recently that Spender's muse is humanity; and it is paradoxical that the more distressed he showed himself on behalf of humanity, the more subjective and self-absorbed his poems became. 'An Elementary School Classroom in a Slum', for instance, seemed more a reflection of the author's misery than an account of the plight

of the children. Anyone who has taught in a slum school must have noticed the very slight degree of objectivity achieved by this poem, the very partial picture it gives of the lives of slum children, its unreality despite its unimpeachable propaganda.

Mr. Spender has always written in the bright light of too much publicity, and 'what the age demands' has not always been good for his poetry. At his best in simple personal lyrics like 'My parents kept me from children who were rough', he has sometimes been misled into undertaking themes just beyond his grasp. This accounts for the vague, experimental quality of such poems as 'Nocturne', in which an amorphous mass of feelings refuses to crystallise into anything tangible. He has too often written as from the fear that if his fluid states of mind were allowed to crystallise into something formed and simple, it might turn out to be something common—like sugar.

If the reader of these poems sometimes feels that their attack is faltering, their rhythms enervate, their passion bloodless, yet he must at the same time feel that there are strong saving graces. The contemporary failings of triviality and cleverness are altogether absent. The very lack of verbal ease and rhythmical smoothness is a guarantee against monotony. While few of these poems, taken singly, make a powerful impression, nevertheless as a whole they impart a vivid sense of freshness and colour, like the work of some minor Impressionist painter; and if the muse of humanity has lost her fascination, it is evident that during the past few years a humbler, perhaps more domestic muse has produced in Mr. Spender's work signs of a firmer outline, a more sparing utterance.

Ajanta Frescoes. Part Four.

By G. Yazdani. Oxford. £14 14s.

Ever since their discovery in 1819 by a party of officers on a hunting expedition, the Buddhist Caves of Ajanta in Hyderabad State, India, have never ceased to exert a profound fascination. Their aloof romantic setting—the line of caves rimming the tiny winding gorge, their shadowy rock-cut halls, their riot of sculptured figures—is only part of their mysterious appeal. Their chief glories are the vast murals which, decayed and ruined in many of the caves, have still, in places, an almost pristine splendour. Here are scenes of Indian court life executed with serene and mellow glamour. The young prince, the Buddha-to-be, goes wistfully to the forest, abandoning the tender charms of loving girls. Beauties distil their enchantments from the walls yet over everything there broods an air of indefinable sadness, of love proclaimed yet inexplicably rejected. Such an air of grand yet tragic sensuousness derives from the circumstances in which the murals were painted. Executed, for the most part, in the fifth century A.D.—almost a thousand years after the Buddha's death—they reflect his princely majesty as a Saviour God, yet are affected by the rising conflict between Buddhist principles and the vogue for romantic passion current at the courts. The result is inevitably a compromise for, nominally Buddhist in theme and outlook, the pictures are the nearest equivalent in Indian painting to the glamorous love-poetry of Kalidasa.

That such a mature and sophisticated art was uniquely old and uniquely significant was early realised by the Hyderabad Government, and under the devoted direction of Dr. Yazdani not only have the caves been rendered more accessible, but every possible step has been taken to

strengthen the structures and conserve the paintings. At the same time the need for placing the pictures on permanent record was fully realised and shortly after 1920 the monumental project of photographing and describing every single painting was started. The present volume is the last of the series and brings to a triumphant close one of the most arduous and admirable ventures ever undertaken by a government in the field of art. All the paintings—those of Cave XVII—not described or reproduced in the previous three parts are here recorded. A portfolio of sixty-five monochrome reproductions enables their present state to be studied, while seventeen colour plates reproduce with astonishing fidelity the glowing greens and browns and warm reds of the originals. A fresh and lucid text explains in careful detail the subject-matter of every picture, connecting it with scholarly precision to the relevant Buddhist text. The result is a magnificent production, for which author, publisher, and government deserve the warmest congratulations.

George Orwell. By Laurence Brander.

Longmans. 12s. 6d.

George Orwell. By John Atkins.

John Calder. 18s.

Since his death George Orwell has been compared to D. H. Lawrence. Though the comparison in many ways is inappropriate—Orwell was not as prolific, as silly, or as profound a writer—there is this much to be said for it: both were obsessed writers. Since obsessions are private in origin, it has been said of Orwell, as of Lawrence, that the exaggerations of his preaching merely reflect a number of unfortunate neuroses. It is consequently the duty of a writer on Orwell to define and evaluate his obsessions, and he must do so, owing to the terms of Orwell's will, which discourage publication of a biography, virtually without reference to any sources other than those in print.

One of the differences between these two books on Orwell's work can be put briefly: Mr. Atkins recognises this duty, while Mr. Brander does not. The latter is content, apart from his first three chapters, to deal with Orwell's books chronologically; the former, though working within a chronological framework, tries to define his opinions on the very large number of subjects with which he confronted himself. In so doing he quotes extensively from the vast number of reviews and articles which Orwell wrote and which have not been published in book form (though they have been listed in Mr. Ian Willison's bibliography), a task which Mr. Brander surprisingly ignores. Indeed Mr. Atkins seems to have read not only every word Orwell wrote, often giving undue weight to opinions expressed in the necessary rush of the journalistic moment, but also every review of his books and every obituary notice. For this reason, among others, Mr. Atkins' enormous book is of much greater importance to the Orwell reader than Mr. Brander's small one, and future critics will refer constantly to his material.

Mr. Atkins, unlike Mr. Brander, really admires his author. This admiration may lead him to include the most footling facts—is Orwell's short spell as a war correspondent for *The Observer* worth a whole chapter?—and to list an extraordinary number of unimportant opinions—who cares what Orwell thought of Mr. Ernest Raymond?—but it is preferable to Mr. Brander's condescension. His admiration makes him aware of what Orwell was trying to do; he treats

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political writing as worthy of serious consideration, remembering Orwell's remark: 'It is invariably where I lacked a political purpose that I wrote lifeless books and was betrayed into purple passages . . . and humbug generally'. Mr. Brander, on the other hand, believes that Orwell was a novelist *manqué* and that, had he lived, he would have left 'the preaching' to turn to 'the true interest of the writer, the problems to which literature especially addresses itself . . . personal relationships'. *Burmese Days* shows nothing so clearly as the poverty of Orwell's understanding of people, and it is surely very doubtful that, had he lived, he would have remained committed to a literary future so unsuited to his talents.

When all has been said, however, it remains true that Mr. Brander's book can be read and Mr. Atkins' cannot. Mr. Brander writes simply, with free use of quotation; if for no other reason, and he has a number of penetrating comments to make, particularly in his excellent chapter on 'Prose and Politics', his book is worth reading as an anthology of Orwell's clear and often surprisingly beautiful prose. Mr. Atkins, on the contrary, writes turgidly and with an air of irritated impatience; he fails repeatedly to make it clear when he is expressing his own opinions and when he is paraphrasing Orwell, and his book, which cries out for an index, has none.

Cambridgeshire. By Nikolaus Pevsner. Penguin Books. 5s.

Cambridgeshire—that sack-shaped county which sags down between East Anglia and the Midlands—has been well served over its guide books. Three years ago there was Mr. Ennion's volume in Hale's 'County Books' series, which missed much out but was erudite about soil and evocative about scenery. It gave us the open air of the area. And now comes a volume in Professor Pevsner's admirable and ambitious series of 'The Buildings of England': admirable for its general scheme, lucidity, thoroughness, clear print and good photographs; ambitious because it will presently cover the whole country. Expensive cars, it has been suggested, ought to be fitted with a Pevsner bookshelf. They will not be. They will be fitted with television sets to distract the driver from the scenery and cocktail cabinets to distract him from his driving. The pedestrian, more fortunate, need never be without his guide; slippery-jacketed, it slips into his pocket, and can be extracted readily.

Half the present volume is devoted to the great university which lies at the bottom of the sack. How it got there nobody knows: its origins are uncertain. For the university, and for the urban Cambridge which preceded it and may possibly outlast it, there is a special introduction, well-contrived 'Perambulations', etc. Some of the information may disconcert. Unlike some people the author believes that architecture is continuous, that it did not stop short in a cultivated college court, that it includes the railway station ('originally quite a handsome building') and the exciting work of Gropius and Fry at Impington. He is quite right. Architecture is alive for the reason that we are alive, and though we may sometimes wish we were dead we had better notice what it looks like.

The university and colleges have often been described. The more original half of the book is concerned with Cambridgeshire the county. Here new ground is broken. The two chief items—Ely in the middle of the sack and Wisbech at its orifice—receive due attention, but it is the unconsidered and inconsiderable villages that swell the contents: here a barn and there a church, and there a derelict mill. No lyric note is struck: it would be highly unsuitable. Still

the visitor need not feel what that cheerless divine, the Rev. Charles Simeon, felt a hundred and fifty years ago: 'I never come in sight of Cambridgeshire', he wrote, 'but I feel, I will not say disgust, but a sensation which tells me what would arise in my mind if I did not check it'. Let him penetrate, under Professor Pevsner's direction, to such remote churches as Babraham and Wimpole. He may not be impressed. He will scarcely be disgusted. This 'county' half of the guide has its own introduction, plus a serviceable gazetteer.

Previous volumes have been criticised for inaccuracies, and some will certainly be found in this one. It is difficult to think of a guide book in which they would not occur. The author begs that they, and any outstanding omissions, may be reported to him. If this is done, the second edition of *Cambridgeshire* should be even more useful than the first, which is saying much.

The Middle East 1945-1950. By George Kirk. Issued under the auspices of the Royal Institute of International Affairs. Oxford. 32s. 6d.

Certain criticisms directed against the first volume of this survey, which dealt with the war years from 1939 to 1946, provided an opportunity for Professor Arnold Toynbee, as Director of Studies in the Royal Institute of International Affairs, to formulate his views on the principles which should underlie the writing of history for Chatham House. While expressing regret for certain 'lapses' in the volume under discussion he claimed for the historian, whether writing as a free-lance or under the auspices of Chatham House, the right to express his moral judgements on the human acts he was recording, since freedom in this respect was a necessary condition for doing any really good historical work. At the same time he laid it down that 'a historian who has accepted Chatham House's auspices has no moral right to use his commission as an opportunity for preaching a cause or waging a feud'.

It may be recalled, however, that the criticisms which Professor Toynbee had in mind did not so much question the author's right to express opinions and judgements, as his method of using the oblique innuendo and the highly subjective ascription of motives for the purpose of discrediting policies or people of whom he disapproved. Mr. Kirk's new volume contains a few passages which are open to criticism on the same account. 'Facts are sacred but comment is free' is as good a rule for the historian as it is for the journalist, but it carries the implication that a writer is in duty bound so to present his judgements that they cannot be mistaken for statements of fact. The motives which actuate statesmen can often be inferred from the circumstances which attend their actions, but the conscientious historian will not allow inferences which suit his case to take the place of facts. Mr. Kirk takes the view that the influence of the Jewish vote and the Zionist pressure were decisive factors in shaping American policy towards Palestine, yet he himself allows that the President (Mr. Truman) seemed 'like many Americans to have had a disinterested personal sympathy with Jewish aspirations in Palestine'. In one case he professes to know the exact date (the eve of the Jewish Day of Atonement) when Mr. Truman 'yielded to Zionist electioneering pressure'. In another place the allegation is made on the authority of unnamed British observers that the United States press 'was under constant pressure from Jewish commercial advertisers to influence its reporting of the Palestine controversy', and we are left to conclude that this pressure accounts for the anti-British

tone of American newspapers in May 1948.

On the whole it is as a collection of materials rather than as history that the survey will prove of value to students of Middle Eastern affairs. Mr. Kirk has been indefatigable in working his way through an immense mass of material which includes the despatches of press correspondents, numerous articles in periodicals, the reports of parliamentary and congressional debates, and a whole library of books by authors who observed events at close range. Oriental books and documents seem to have been used only when they were available in English translations, and one is reminded of the gibe that 'the history of the Arabs has been written in Europe chiefly by historians who knew no Arabic, or by Arabists who knew no history'. The glare of publicity directed on contemporary events unfortunately does not lighten the task of the historian. The correspondents of responsible newspapers are usually well-informed and objective, but much of the literature is highly tendentious. Mr. Kirk is lavish with quotations and references, and the numerous footnotes are a valuable feature of the book. He is aware, of course, of the unequal value of the authorities cited as guides to historical truth, but he has not attempted systematic source-criticism in the form of a considered assessment of the nature of the evidence. As it is, the survey gives the impression of being somewhat hastily put together without sufficient leisure for analysis and reflection, as is perhaps inevitable in the case of a publication following so closely on the events it describes. Important developments such as the Egyptian revolution, the realisation of Sudanese independence, and the ending of the British quarrel with Persia are outside the scope of the volume.

The post-war displacement of power and authority in the Middle East which forms the guiding theme of the survey has, in Mr. Kirk's words, brought about 'the expansion over almost the whole region of that "power-vacuum" which, in the circumstances of the cold war, threatened the western conception of global security and was to lead in 1952 to a series of political upheavals throughout the Fertile Crescent'. In conformity with the limitations of the theme the internal affairs of the oriental states are treated only incidentally, and in so far as they affect international relations. Cyprus, somewhat unexpectedly, appears as a Middle Eastern country, but Saudi Arabia receives little attention. The space allotted to the lamentable story of Palestine exceeds considerably that given to other parts of the area.

Goncharov. By Janko Lavrin.

Bowes and Bowes. 6s.

Oblomov. By Goncharov. Translated by David Magarshack. Penguin. 3s. 6d.

Goncharov has hitherto suffered from undue neglect in England. The translations of his major works have been, generally speaking, unsatisfactory, and apart from short passages in literary histories there has been no English critical or biographical study. Both these new contributions are therefore especially welcome.

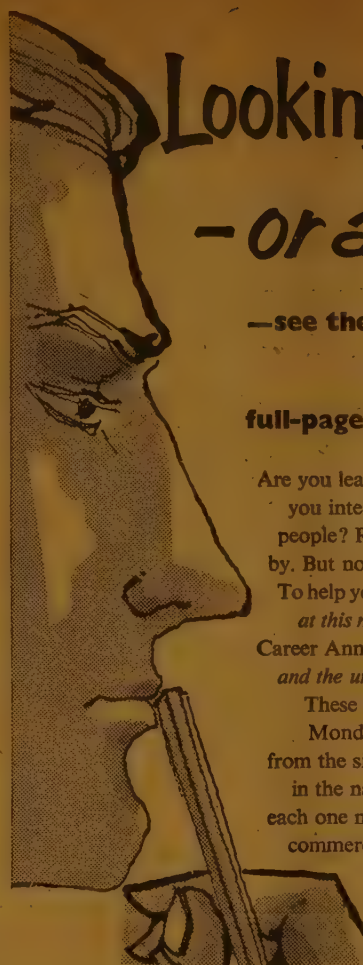
Oblomov is one of the greatest of all Russian novels and its hero perhaps the best-known character in the whole range of Russian fiction. Mr. Magarshack's translation is spirited, sensible, and smooth, refreshingly free from the wishy-washy quality of so many renderings from the Russian. It also happens to be the first full and accurate version of *Oblomov*.

Goncharov does not fit into the usual English conception of a Russian writer. During most of his life he worked conscientiously as a civil servant—for a number of years in the department of censorship. He was a relatively colourless and conventional person, not unconcerned with the



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ature of humanity, but unlikely to be kept awake at night by worrying over it. Towards the end of his life he unhappily ran more nearly true to the English idea of a Russian author by conceiving a form of persecution mania (he accused Turgenev and others of stealing his plots), but his disorder has little bearing on his more important literary work, being, as Professor Lavrin puts it, of a 'purely clinical type'.

As an introduction to Goncharov this short study will be found most useful. A particularly strong point is the description of his outlook on life and of the way in which his mental conflicts were projected into his fiction. He is shown as a battle-ground of competing intellectual and emotional sympathies. Intellectually he believed in the need for reform and the extension of the Russian Industrial Revolution, but emotionally his sympathies lay with the deep traditions of old-fashioned Russian provincial life. It is in this analysis of Goncharov's psychology, and also in the social and political background which he supplies, that the strength of Professor Lavrin's study lies.

Goncharov was not a prolific writer. Of his three novels, *Obломov* is the outstanding work without which he would probably have remained a minor figure in Russian literature. It is a slow-moving character-study with very little in the way of plot and its method is the painstaking accumulation of detail. However, in the impact which it makes on the reader it is no less powerful than some of the more spectacular works of Russian fiction. All this is well brought out by Professor Lavrin, who also effectively singles out Goncharov's quiet humour as an important element in his approach. The remainder of Goncharov's work is fully discussed, including the novels *A Common Story* and *The Ravine*, which, though admittedly less successful than *Obломov*, have been unduly maligned.

The more theoretical sections of literary criticism, in particular those in which Goncharov's 'realism' is discussed, form decidedly the weakest part of the book. The word 'realism' has been used so often, in so many different ways, and to so little point in the discussion of literature that nowadays even schoolchildren are taught not to bandy it about, at any rate without scrupulously defining the sense in which it is used. It is true that in the context of nineteenth-century Russian literature the word has a comparatively precise and specialised meaning. But even readers who are aware of this will find that a few of Professor Lavrin's theoretical paragraphs spread an unnecessary atmosphere of obscurity round one who, after all, was among the more straightforward of Russian authors.

The Dreamer and the Sheaves

By I. R. Orton. Oxford. 8s. 6d.

A Kite's Dinner. By Sheila Wingfield. Cresset. 9s. 6d.

Miss Orton in her first book of lyrics gives the impression of a sensitive, though humourless, attitude to the modern world and of a somewhat ill-defined familiarity with what her publishers call 'the timeless channels of thought and imagination'. At times the reader suspects considerable influence by the Imagists, a movement dead but by no means without effect on younger writers. In particular Miss Orton reminds us of the early lyrics of D. H. Lawrence, with something of their sensuous apprehension of natural objects. Sometimes her emotion verges on the sentimental, as in 'The Fear of Children is their Cry to Love' (an obscure statement, surely). And too often her emotion is chaotic and unorganised, as in the regulation ode 'To the Memory of Dylan Thomas'. Here is the opening of 'The Guitar in the Basement', where

Miss Orton's method can be seen at its most characteristic; it may be added that neither here nor later in the poem is there any mention of a guitar, so that without the title we should be at a loss to know what she is writing about;

Flower in the earth,
Unsurfaced,
Its leaves against the bloom,
Petals unseen,
Penetrating perfume of sound.

Here they do not keep
Their gardens in boxes,
But under paving stones and bricks.

Miss Wingfield's collection spans the sixteen years beginning in 1938, and shows a steady development in technique and thought. At first she seems content with exquisite trifles in the manner of Mr. Arthur Waley;

The tree still bends over the lake,
And I try to recall our love,
Our love which had a thousand leaves.

Later she adopts more ambitious themes, and has recourse to explanatory notes to her more obscure allusions. Occasionally her poetic method seems over-academic, and sometimes her command of language is not equal to the strength of her feelings. Towards the end of the volume occurs a two-line poem entitled 'Funerals':

Be done with show. Let the dead go to their lair
Unseen, a light step barely heard on the stair.

No doubt this arose from some emotion clearly present in the writer's mind, but its impact is far from precise. We are not told why the dead go to a 'lair', nor anything objective about 'the stair', which thus comes as an unexplained surprise. Miss Wingfield's problem is obviously the clear definition of emotion in objective terms, and we cannot feel that she has so far solved it satisfactorily.

Raffles of the Eastern Isles

By C. E. Wurtzburg.

Hodder and Stoughton. 42s.

The British rulers of India have received recognition or *réclame* in their home country in proportion to the size of the Indian Empire and its contribution to Britain's imperial greatness, while the founder of Singapore and, virtually, of modern Malaya, has been acknowledged only in strict ratio to the value of Malayan trade to the metropolitan country. Yet by the criteria of purpose, vision, integrity, humanity and sympathy with cultures and religions other than his own, and by the extent of his oriental and scientific learning, Stamford Raffles almost certainly stands higher than any of the rulers of India with the possible exception of Hastings.

Raffles' great good fortune was that he lived at a time when the expansion of Britain's commercial and political interests coincided broadly with that of world progress. The bringing of petty principalities under a single rule or protection and the replacement of native domestic manufactures by cheaper and (except, perhaps, aesthetically) better goods were trends towards world unity and the improvement of the Asian standard of living. He was fortunate, too, that public opinion in Britain was beginning to move in the direction of his cherished ambitions, namely the freeing of trade and the abolition of slavery (though the Company was very angry with him for 'prematurely' liberating their slaves). His views on education, however, were too far in advance of his time for his masters to accept or even to understand, and his plan for an institution in Singapore for the study of Asian languages and philosophies as well as western ones in a movement towards a cultural synthesis between east and west was never implemented. If it had been Malaya might have been saved from the prospect of having two rival universities based on two separate systems of thought.

It is an irony that whereas Raffles' name is venerated today in the centres of power and success as the originator of Malaya's wealth, his contemporary employers were incensed against him because he did nothing but put them to expense (incidentally they presented his widow with an enormous bill). Raffles' long-term ambitions for Britain, however, went far beyond the obtaining for her of material advantage. Of Britain's achievements and aims he wrote:

... These monuments of her virtue shall endure when her triumphs are an empty name. Let it still be the boast of Britain to write her name in characters of light; let her not be remembered as the tempest whose course was desolation, but as the gale of spring, reviving the seeds of the mind and calling them to life from the winter of oppression.

What would Raffles think of his political offspring if he were to revisit them today? He would be impressed, no doubt, by the achievements in administration, law, and public works and by the opening up of huge areas that in his day were nothing but jungle and swamp, but whether he would regard recent policies and trends as 'the gale of spring' or 'the tempest whose course was desolation' is a matter for conjecture.

The main authority for Raffles' life was for decades the Memoir (1830) by his second wife, Sophia (who erased all reference to his first wife, Olivia, except for a single footnote). Boulger's biography of Raffles was published in 1897, was not replaced by Egerton's (1900), and remained the standard work until now. Boulger, however, was a 'populariser' and not a specialist writer, and apart from omissions and inaccuracies, his work has long been 'dated' by its Victorian attitude and style. To the general reader of the last three decades, Raffles has been known mainly through the late Sir Reginald Coupland's well-written but imperfect outline (e.g., the author dwells at length on the iniquities of the Dutch East India Company in Java in 1811, over ten years after it has ceased to exist). There had long been a need for a new and definitive life of Raffles and this need the present work worthily supplies.

Michael Faraday. By James Kendall. Faber. 12s. 6d.

Faraday is fortunate in his latest biographer. Last year Professor Kendall gave us an admirable book on Sir Humphrey Davy, the chemist and great man who was the early encourager of Faraday. Now he gives us an equally good book on Faraday himself, the blacksmith's son who started by being a paper-boy and a bottle-washer and ended by occupying the highest place in British physics before Rutherford and after Newton.

The story is a simple one and Professor Kendall tells it well. Faraday, by becoming Davy's humble assistant, got his start in life. He showed an extraordinary aptitude for simple experimental work in physics and in inorganic chemistry. He founded no school of physics. He liked best working by himself. The adventures he cared most for took place not externally but in his mind. He was deeply religious and singularly happy in his home life. Few men have lived a life more devoted to the pursuit of truth than Faraday, or asked less of earthly reward. Professor Kendall hits the nail admirably on the head when he compares Faraday with Abraham Lincoln and says he would have made a good American. Quiet, even taciturn, unambitious in the ordinary sense, in manner and deportment not everyone's cup of tea, he combined a first-class intellect with an excellent character and 'a heart of gold'. The optical basis of moving pictures and everything in electricity and magnetism today derives from the researches of this magnificent Englishman.

CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

Weekly comments on B.B.C. programmes by independent contributors

Television Broadcasting

DOCUMENTARY

A Manner of Speaking

I HAVE TO REPORT that the subject of background music in television programmes has produced a rising volume of protests from readers of THE LISTENER. Sampling the correspondence, I quote some typical opinions. Mr. S. B. F. Carter, All Saint's Road, Sutton, Surrey: 'The members of this household feel very strongly about the nuisance of incidental music'. Mr. W. A. S. Hills, Castle Heddingham, Essex: 'I offer you my wholehearted support'. Mr. Coriss A. Jones, Bardsey, near Leeds: 'Everyone with whom I

be tipsy, if not reeling drunk, with their power of aural assault and battery: unlike Omar, they have no use for distant drums. They fancy themselves sphere-shaking gods of this unprecedented age, despising Apollo's lute and turning a scornful lip at Jove's thunder. Some producers are evidently influenced by the fact that noise is indispensable to the cinema-educated generations. That is probably why Mr. Hills warns me: 'You will be lucky if you are able to do anything about background music'. It shall not be for want of diligence here.

Now, like Robert Reid in 'Special Enquiry', I swing round from my desk full of letters to look at the screen. On it last week we saw him dealing with this country's attitude to the colour

bar with careful concern both for fact and feeling. His commentary was incisive, tactful, and convincing, based on a well-mastered script which had its own merits. He is an impressive commentator and that not merely because he does not exert himself to that end. He is unaffected, he has integrity, and with those virtues there goes a Traddles-like implication

ledge may be as grave as those of race prejudice itself.

'Viewfinder' took us to the new town Stevenage in Hertfordshire. We called on housewives, shopkeepers, local authority officers, a publican, and a schoolmaster, receiving from them the impression that another breach had been made in the wall of human intolerance. Old Stevenage, we understood, has accommodated itself to the new. Without expecting Aidan Crawley to discover a completely new self for the occasion, I thought it a pity that his interviewing approach was the same as for his talks with foreign statesmen. He is not adept at putting people at their ease and might with advantage study the methods of Ed Murrow, whose imported interviews are proving so popular on our home screens. If there is severity in a man's nature television is likely to exaggerate it and rarely with endearing results.

'Snapshot' was two parts excellent to one part not so good. Lady Violet Bonham Carter told, with what may perhaps not unjustly be called inherited felicity, a tense and moving story of her brother's encounter with a Turkish sniper in the first world war. Randolph Churchill's account of a last-war experience in which he became the butt of the Duke of Windsor's humour carried undertones of ironic wit rarely heard in this age of sticky expediency. Both Lady Violet and he outclassed Percy Cudlipp's neatly delivered but somehow ineffectual piece about Fleet Street personalities.

At the beginning of the week we saw Princess Margaret leaving on her Caribbean tour. The outside broadcast cameras gave full value to an occasion which, at 2.30 p.m., may have had a limited viewing audience.

Cruft's dog show, the *Daily Mail* Television Trophy awards from the Scala Theatre, and the work of the Church Missionary Society, supplied variety, at least, to our viewing last week-end.

REGINALD POUND



As seen by the viewer: a borzoi and (right) a chihuahua in the television programme from Cruft's Dog Show on February 4

Photographs: John Cura

have discussed the subject appears to be driven well nigh to exasperation'. Mr. F. N. Anderson, Beaconsfield Avenue, Colchester: 'I would even welcome the abolition of music from the interludes, provided there were pleasant natural sounds to drown the hiss of electrons'. Mr. E. J. Orford, Lowther Hill, London, S.E.: 'Background music is not only superfluous. It is an utterly indefensible intrusion'. Mrs. E. M. Cuming, Holmbrook Road, Putney Hill, London, S.W.: 'I do so thoroughly agree with most of what you say about background music'. Mr. G. Peck, Downs Road, Epsom: 'We find it distracting, annoying, and wholly unnecessary'. Mr. J. A. Marshall, Saltdean, Sussex (who had written to me earlier): 'Bravo! You may have noticed that "Television News and Newsreel" is now free from the horror'. Mr. J. M. Harries, Strathyre Avenue, Norbury, thinks that 'the conflict between sound and vision may not be resolved', and enlarges the argument into an analysis of emotions in the concert hall. I hope that there may be an opportunity for me to return to his carefully thought-out views in a later article here.

Other readers cited the 'Antarctica' film recently shown on our screens as an instance of the kind of musical maltreatment that spoils programmes. A particularly interesting edition of 'London Town', last Friday night, was similarly blemished. I record a remark made to me a few days ago by a Harley Street friend of mine who has reached his eightieth year: 'The lesson of my long life and practice is that moderation should be the watchword'. That we can confidently leave the prescription to work its good among those responsible for television background music may be doubted. They appear to

tion of 'nothing scientific' which also warms us to him. Despite the presence of a psychiatrist in the programme, we were spared consideration of—shall we say?—the integrality of the individual in the higher Metazoa, with special reference to possible differences in that respect between whites and blacks. It was unusually effective television, highly topical in content, well balanced in presentation. The theme reappeared in 'Press Conference' with Sir Godfrey Huggins, Prime Minister of the Federation of Rhodesia and Nyasaland, who looks on the colour problem through a wider field of vision than that of a window in a Birmingham slum. Olympian in some of his judgements, he left us in no doubt of his being a man of good will who sees that the perils of mistaking information for know-



'Peter Ustinov at Home' with (right) Peter Jones, on February 3

DRAMA

This Was It

THE PAST WEEK has not been notable for drama, acted drama that is to say. 'The Farmer's

Wife', worthily presented by a Bristol company, Mr. George Raft as the arm of the American law, a repeat of 'The Creature', and some children's adventures make up the sum. On Sunday night instead of a play we had a programme called 'This Is Television', a title which I find it difficult to phrase, however I stress it, without a curious and presumably unintended inflection of irony.

'This Is It', 'This, then, is it', 'This, and only this, is television'. Whence emerged phrases of this cast, increasingly common in publicity circles? Perhaps they are as old as the Authorised Version, or do they stem from Hemingway? No great matter, perhaps. What we were shown under this title and under such modest little subtitles as 'Personality of the Year' were the performers who had gained the suffrages of certain voters, readers of a national newspaper, the *Daily Mail*. To dissent from such popular

judgements is merely to invite the fate of Ioriolanus, and really there was no call to be different'. If Mr. Benny Hill is adjudged the ear's Outstanding Personality, let him enjoy his fame, untroubled by the thought of possible rivals. He came on and sang a dubious little song, which won the expected laugh, he leered a little, ogled a little, then broke through into the stammering 'sincerities' and the gratitude which voters expect.

The Pickles ménage, Wilf and Mabel as no doubt one will learn to call them, were also on view, and though they might not seem to be my concern of mine in this column I feel bound to claim their 'turn' as some sort of histrionic marvel—on their part and also on the part of those who register 'delighted bewilderment' when reintroduced to their former sweethearts, or to long-lost cousins from the Antipodes. Acting, with a vengeance! Then came another couple, who specialise in an even wilder game and whom we will learn to call Armand and Michaela, and who talk in complementary fragments like Rosencrantz and Guildenstern; and Mr. Iain MacCormick whose play cycle 'The Promised Years' was no doubt one of the events of the television year, however variable the judgements passed on the four different plays.

As if all this were not overwhelming, there were also the Appleyard family, and Master Charles Vignoles warbling 'The Wings of a



'Yugoslav Dances' on February 6: The Yugoslav National Ballet Company from Zagreb in 'The Devil in the Village'



Scene from 'The Farmer's Wife', televised from Bristol on February 1, with (left to right) Jan Stewer as Churdles Ash, Jeanne Watts as Araminta Dench, Hedley Goodall as Samuel Sweetland, Patricia Gibson as Petronell Sweetland, and Margaret Stallard as Sibley Sweetland

Dove', and a mixed party of funsters, including Benny Lee and Bernard Braden who gave us a sketch called 'Conference' which may have made home viewers smile wry smiles. It seemed under-rehearsed and spluttered like a wet match. Comparatively the cross-talk arranged between Anne Crawford and Patrick Barr, named outstanding actress and actor of the year, was a competent piece of work. There were suitable 'plugs' for the *Daily Mail*, and the play 'Waiting for Gillian', in which they had appeared outstandingly, was recalled many a time. The programme's seventy-five minutes slipped by agreeably enough.

The previous Saturday brought muted delights but which are worth recalling in so anaemic a period. One was the contribution of Murdoch and Horne to Variety Parade; the other the latest instalment of 'Return to the Lost Planet' by Angus MacVicar which no doubt has the nursery in an uproar. I was sorry, however, to find that now that Jeremy,

Janet, Madge, and Co. are well and truly launched on a voyage of discovery on the planet Hesikos they are beginning to have trouble with mysterious Voices. Just like their elders and betters on Sunday nights!

I have not liked all the films called 'I'm the Law' in which Mr. George Raft prowls about looking sternly from under a wide-brimmed trilby. In 'The General's Coffin' he took this 'lid' off for an interview inside the imaginary South American Embassy. This was memorable. So was the sight of Mr. Raft sweeping the flowers off the coffin, which supposedly contained a dead body but was actually full of the

parchment from which false money could be manufactured. This was unedifying, but permissible in the telling of a story which I found more entertaining than several others in the series. The Yugoslav dancers presented several numbers from the ballets which they are currently giving, together with opera, in London. Much is missed when one cannot see the colour of these gorgeous peasant clothes, incidentally peasant outfits which are among the last in Europe to be worn 'naturally' and not as a conscious gesture. The contrasts of red and white particularly were a loss to the total effect of the picture. The value of the ballets varied considerably. The dances from 'The Gingerbread Heart' were empty and repetitious, those from 'The Devil in the Village' had much more pace and humour and, rather like the costumes, were pleasing examples of 'folk art' which showed nothing of that earnest strain which has given the tag 'folk' a suspect quality. The presentation was fairly good only. The

décor of course were not planned for the camera. Perhaps plain backgrounds would have shown up the dancers better.

PHILIP HOPE-WALLACE

Sound Broadcasting

DRAMA

No Man's Land

IT WAS AS IF MEN, in a column without end or beginning, were on the march under low skies that at first pressed down upon them, but that lifted now and then for light to flash back from the shields or morions of some earlier army. The scene was the approach to the Western Front during 1915-16; but, in David Jones' remembrance, the ages kissed and commingled. Listening (and watching with the mind's eye) one shivered as if this were a spectral army, phantoms of a no man's land. 'In Parenthesis' (Third) is presumed to be the tale of a doomed battalion from embarkation to its fate near Neuve Chapelle. But it is no direct document, chronicle from the trenches. Often we seem to peer (in Hardy's words from the preface to 'The Dynasts') through 'gauze or screens to blur outlines . . . shut off the actual'. At other times we are at the red heart of war, or else waiting—through moments that the dramatist could make terrifyingly sharp—under an evening sky, 'wide-domed as porcelain,' that would be fractured suddenly into innumerable stars, while the 'up-to-the-ankle water' became intolerably cold. Always, whether the language is in the idiom of the trenches or in the heightened speech of a Welsh poet ('first-borns prince-pedigreed from Meirionedd and Cyfeiliog'), we are conscious of a far past, of other 'disciplines of the wars.'

I can merely report the effect that 'In Parenthesis' (a rare radio experience) had upon me. Here was that long march across the flat lands under rain still 'as Napoleon had left it'; here the Flanders mud, cold oozing slime, high over the ankle; here pallid Vêry lights that climbed away over the Front; soldiers that lay 'like long-barrow sleepers, their dark arms at reach . . . thrown about anyhow under the night'; an occasional flick of popular song or a flaunt, a roll of proper names, from a Welshman's imagination. Here was unremitting courage to endure (though behind, like a muffled drum, the

Softening the blows of FATE...

The Ancients personified Fate by the Three Sisters; Clotho, Lachesis and Atropos, who sat spinning the thread of each man's destiny, ruthlessly cutting it as the whim took them. Although the modern mind has abandoned this picturesque image of Fate, it believes in providing for every contingency through personal and corporate insurances.

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ound of Dunbar's 'Victor he is at all mellie: 'Imor Mortis conturbat me'); here summer ver the battlefield and the calm note of 'a summer evening, simply heavenly if it wasn't or the midges'; here the growl of the guns; the ghting and the falling; the rifle flung aside. Let it lie for the dew to rust it', with its cho of that other line, 'Keep up your bright words . . .'); then the cry of 'Stretchers—bearers!' and the end of all: more names for a company of phantoms in this no man's land f war beneath the gazing moon. I shall not forget 'In Parenthesis' and the way in which Douglas Cleverdon brought it to the air and to ur minds.

It is hard to imagine why that major radio tress, Marjorie Westbury, should have elected, s the 'play of her choice', to appear in 'One Fine Day' (Light), as empty a piece as I ave heard. This is from the waste-lands of adio. We are told in it that 'the sun-god Apollo ame down to earth to enquire into the new mythology of the cinema'; this can prompt such ines as 'What stars have you worked with?'— O, most of them at one time or another', but t develops into a witless, blurred affair, turning t the last to a jumble of noise. Miss Westbury s so sensitive an actress that I must assume she hose the play (which gave little chance to her) or some reason no ordinary listener can guess. t was a pleasure and a relief to hear her for a noment in song after the business of the piece ad ended.

As 'M. Westbury' she was with us again, now s a small French child—one of those transormations that come to her easily—in 'The an Who Stole Children' (Third). This, too, as fantasy, with a quiet zest more readily communicable (I imagine) in Supervielle's text, ranslated by Alan Pryce-Jones, than in the rersion by Dorothy Baker. However, though we ave to believe that certain overtones were lost, he play, under Louis MacNeice's care, came hrough with a beguiling gentleness. James McKechnie brought up, as well as we could ave wished, the figure of the eccentric Colonel ho—with the best motives in the world—made his business to 'adopt' children, 'snatched away from the stupidity of their parents': not ery Barriesque Lost Boys, whose change was ill to the good. There was a Lost Girl as well, an agreeable creature: Denise Bryer suggested her delicately.

One perceived little delicacy in the text of 'Return of a Hero' (Home), the sort of play n which most of the points have to be thumped nd underlined. Still, neither Hugh Burden nor Rachel Gurney is a thumper: their wisely-udged performances held us, and Mr. Burden ept us anxious to discover what would happen o the hero who tried to rebel, even if we guessed hat he could hardly get far. Archie Campbell irected with enjoyment an uncommonly orusque press conference: one or two earlier ound effects—that train, for example—jarred. 'The Violent Friends' (Home) is a play about wift; Donald Wolfitt's thundering Dean of St. atrick's brought some urgent life to a play hat otherwise, for me, would have been a stony o man's land.

J. C. TREWIN

THE SPOKEN WORD

Aspects of History

REMEMBER RECEIVING a sudden eye-opener ears ago in a book by Benedetto Croce from he seeming paradox that all history is con-emporary. In a talk called 'The Present in the ast: some thoughts on the interpretation of eventeenth-century history', C. V. Wedgwood pent much of her allotted twenty minutes in discussing the nature of history and the writing of it and showing how, inevitably, history, of

whatever period it treats, moves with the times. It is not merely, she said, that new facts unknown to earlier writers are revealed by research, but that the historian's job is primarily a new approach to old facts, and the old facts, as seen by his eyes and mind, are an amalgam of past and present. She then went on to make the interesting suggestion that the historian of today, with his experience of the dishonest propaganda and deliberate falsifications of the last two wars, may be more inclined to suspect them in his reading of the history of the seventeenth century and to reinterpret the facts more accurately.

I have always found Miss Wedgwood's broadcasts highly enjoyable and stimulating. Her style, alive and perfectly natural, is blessedly free from the humdrum stuff of the history lessons which were the bane of my schooldays. But I remember that in her early days as a broadcaster there was a tinge of shyness in her delivery which was in striking contrast with the precision and assurance of what she said. Nowadays there is none of that. She talks with an ease and confidence which make her one of our best broadcasters.

In somewhat the same way in which Miss Wedgwood discussed history and the writing of history, Professor V. B. Wigglesworth in 'Science, Pure and Applied' discussed science and the scientist's job. The talk was based on a lecture given at the Jubilee Conference of the Association of Applied Biologists. Bacon, he said, in his great work the *Novum Organum* believed that science consisted in the patient accumulation of scientific facts which would eventually fall together of their own accord. Actually things have not worked out so easily, as pure scientists discovered when given the chance to apply their knowledge during the late war. They found, on the contrary, that applied science requires a totally different kind of mind from that of the pure scientist. A large part of scientific research, Mr. Wigglesworth pointed out, is engaged in proving what has already been known and used in the form of hypothesis evolved by scientific thought. Such hypotheses are tested and, if proved useful, used for further hypotheses. They may last for a century or two or be superseded in a few years. Over-specialisation is checked by practical science; nevertheless unrestricted research is absolutely indispensable to the healthy life of science. This talk, which I hope my scientific ignorance has not misrepresented, gave my mind a vigorous spring-cleaning which, like many spring-cleanings, forced me to rearrange some of its furniture.

With much profit and enjoyment I submitted myself to a second hour of intensive bombardment from Isaiah Berlin on the subject of the 'Marvellous Decade: 1838-1848' in Russian thought and writing. This time reception here was strikingly better than in the previous broadcast, so that, though my mind was stretched, my ears were not pulled. Referring to *Radio Times*, I noted that the first and fourth lectures were specially recorded for the B.B.C., whereas the second and third were recorded at University College, London, where they were delivered. It will be interesting, and possibly useful to those who took the recordings, to discover if the third and fourth recordings show a similar difference.

Yet another line in history was presented by O. G. Sutton, Director of the Meteorological Office, on the painful subject of 'The Weather of 1954'. It was not only cold but wet comfort to be told that it worked out as *average*, and Dr. Sutton admitted that the statement, though true, is misleading. The fact that April was the driest for sixteen years and the sunniest for twelve is damped and clouded in my ungrateful mind by memories of an unspeakable July and August. Nor is a glance ahead altogether reassuring. Glasgow, it appears, has been looking into the

matter of trends in the weather and has detected a general pattern of cold, wet summers. But this, after all, is prophecy based on observation of the past and Dr. Sutton left us with at least a gleam of hope. There is always the chance, he assured us, that a general trend may contain particular exceptions and, still better, that at any time the trend may change. And so let me wish you, gentle readers, a Happy New Year.

MARTIN ARMSTRONG

MUSIC

Dollar Exchange

DURING THE PAST WEEK Eugene Ormandy, conductor of the Philadelphia Orchestra, has taken command of the B.B.C. Orchestra while Sir Malcolm Sargent has been directing the American orchestra. On his last visit Mr. Ormandy brought his orchestra with him and, under a concentration of spotlights, gave us some of those streamlined, chromium-plated performances in which American conductors and orchestras specialise. As examples of what efficiency and good discipline can achieve, they were marvellous.

Similar results could hardly be obtained with a strange orchestra, and, in the attempt, Mr. Ormandy overplayed his hand. Weber's 'Eury-anthe' Overture had every point underlined until it looked like a letter of Queen Victoria's, in which one in every four or five words is printed in italic. Beethoven's Seventh Symphony began well, with the rhythm of the opening *Allegro* reasonably steady and well-controlled. These adjectives could certainly not be applied to the finale, which took the bit between its teeth, and, though I am less than ever inclined to dogmatise about tempi after reading a recent correspondence in *The Times*, the Scherzo was surely taken too fast, in the sense that the players could not properly articulate the music at that pace.

Easily the best performance in Mr. Ormandy's programmes was that of Bartók's Concerto for Orchestra, a work calling for virtuosity in both conductor and orchestra. This was splendidly played, though I will not say I have not heard it better done in certain details—oboe-tone, for instance. Surely those phrases in the 'Elegia', accompanied by wavering figures on clarinet and flute and harp *glissandi*, must be played with a dead-steady tone and not with a *vibrato* which makes the oboe appear to waver too. Our oboists generally sacrifice the quiddity of their instrument in order to produce an imitation of a sweet violin-tone. In the context I have mentioned one longs for the firm, reedy oboe-tone of R. Zanfini, who has made records with the *Virtuosi di Roma*.

Mr. Ormandy also packed in his bag three samples of American music. Of them the least venturesome, Samuel Barber's 'Second Essay', seemed to me the most substantial, though it suffered from the conductor's tendency to overstate his case, the climax being worked up to a pitch of excitement out of proportion to the argument of the 'essay'. To both Norman dello Joio's 'Epigraph' and Vincent Persichetti's Symphony I think we may apply that fashionable adjective, which has lately been reimported from the U.S.A. where it has acquired a new slant—'brash'.

The second of Professor Lewis' Handelian revivals, 'Sosarme', proved rich in good things, though somewhat uneven in quality. Apart from the well-known 'Rende il seren al ciglio', the duet between Elmira (Margaret Ritchie) and Sosarme (Alfred Deller), most of Erenice's (Nancy Evans) music, and, above all, the choral finale of the opera, a movement of outstanding beauty, were ample compensation for a few dull pages.

It is odd to find that there is a common



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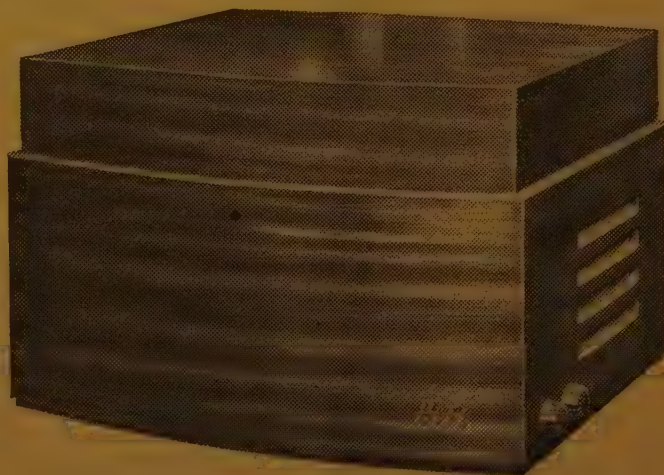
*but a trip to town and supper after the
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ominator between 'Sosarme' and 'Un ballo in maschera', which was broadcast on the previous evening. Just as the scene of Verdi's opera was removed from Stockholm to Boston, so Handel's was, for some unknown reason, transferred from medieval Portugal to ancient Persia. The removal across the Atlantic of the murder of Gustavus Adolphus at a masked ball matters more because it makes nonsense of a well-known historical event. However, such considerations hardly affect a broadcast, and one could sit back and enjoy a thoroughly good performance, in which Anna Maria Rovere (after a shaky start), Lucia Danieli, Ferruccio Tagliavini, and Carlo Cazzulani (excellent in 'Eri tu') were on the top

of their form and were ably supported by the rest of the company and the orchestra under Previtali.

I so much enjoyed the first two acts of 'Don Pasquale' relayed from Sadler's Wells, in which Marion Studholme (Norina), Gwent Lewis (Ernesto) and Owen Brannigan (Don Pasquale) especially distinguished themselves, and everyone 'put over' Professor Dent's witty translation, that I was angry at being deprived of Act III, which was not relayed on the Midland Regional.

Still, the Midland made amends on Sunday evening when it contributed to the Home Service the first of a series of seven concerts containing

the symphonies of Vaughan Williams in order of composition with an introduction by Frank Howes. The composer, indefatigable as ever (as Whitman might have said), himself launched the Birmingham Symphony Orchestra and Choir on the voyage of 'Pleasant Exploration' over the experiences of more than forty years. The choir took a tossing in the rough seas of the Scherzo, but otherwise the 'Sea Symphony' was given a fine performance, which revealed once more its nobility and its deeply felt emotion. The excellent soloists were Elsie Morison and Thomas Hemsley, the latter achieving excellence after a somewhat nervous start.

DYNELEY HUSSEY

Two Eighteenth-century Composers of Opera

By ERIC WALTER WHITE

Beckford's 'The Descent of Belinda' and Storace's 'No Song, No Supper' will be broadcast in the Third Programme at 5.45 p.m. on Sunday, February 13, and 8.40 p.m. the next day

ENGLISH amateurs of music have never been shy of dabbling in composition; and in the past men like William Beckford, the Earl of Mount Edgcumbe and Lord Burghersh have even dared to tackle that most elusive of musical forms, the opera. Most of Lord Burghersh's Italian operas were performed privately in Florence during his residence there as envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary after the Napoleonic wars. Lord Mount Edgcumbe's solitary *opera seria* was given a single performance in 1800 at the King's Theatre in the Haymarket on the occasion of Signora Banti's benefit. Beckford's pastoral opera, though now almost completely forgotten, caused quite a flutter in London society when it was first performed in 1782.

Beckford at that time was in the first flush of his erratic manhood. His fantastic coming-of-age party had taken place the previous September; and since then he had celebrated Christmas in private with his most intimate friends by staging an astonishing series of semi-cabaret parties at Fonthill. These appear to have flamed his mind so powerfully that he plunged once into the composition of 'Vathek', the first draft of which was complete by the end of April 1782 despite the distractions of the London winter season—and these distractions were formidable as far as Beckford was concerned, for they included the composition of a pastoral opera to a libretto by the young Lady Craven and its rehearsal and production at Piccadilly House (April 13, 1782).

Although the fact of its performance was documented, partly by Beckford himself in a particularly brilliant diary letter that he copied and revised fifty-six years later, and partly by some of the distinguished guests present (such as Horace Walpole), the title of this opera is unknown and the spoken dialogue has disappeared. Not so the music. Beckford carefully reserved the score, which is now with the Hamilton papers in Edinburgh; and out of the venture and sixteen numbers extant, a performing version has been made for next week's broadcast with the title 'The Descent of Belinda'.

Beckford originally intended this five-act opera to be played completely by amateurs. Our actors and actresses, Singers and Song-women, he wrote, 'are all in their teens without any exception. . . . The "Spectacle" in the last scene will be *ravissant*—not less than twenty or thirty blooming girls and boys appearing together at one time on the stage'. But as rehearsals proceeded, he found it necessary to call in a professional aid. Burton, Bertoni and

Pacchierotti acted as musical coaches; Barthélemon led the band; his daughter sang the part of the First Fairy; and the ballet dancers were recruited from Drury Lane. Although Beckford seems to have enjoyed the production immensely, he was under no illusions regarding the quality of the work. Lady Craven's libretto he stigmatised as 'lackadaisical trumpery'; and he reported the fact that Lady Clarges had told him fairly he did not shine. 'However', he added, 'when she heard the finales, she exclaimed, "Thank God!—At least you have made a good end"'.

Light and superficial though this music undoubtedly is, somewhere in the background one seems to glimpse the shade of Mozart; so it is not altogether surprising to hear that as a boy of five Beckford is said to have received lessons from Mozart during that eight-year-old prodigy's visit to London in 1764. In his old age Beckford even claimed that the air of 'Non più andrai' was first struck off by Mozart as a theme for improvisation during one of these lessons and recalled the admiration he had subsequently felt for the 'wildness and energy' of Mozart's music.

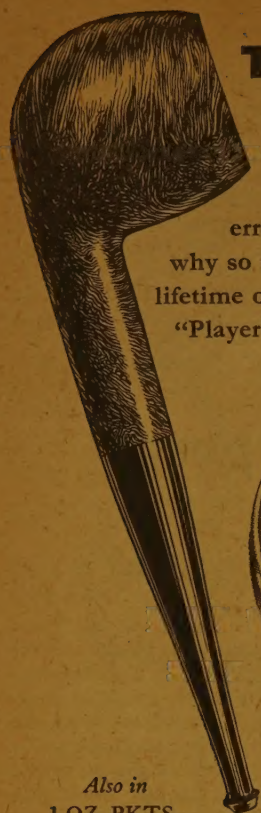
A number of other native composers also came under Mozart's personal influence—particularly Thomas Linley junior, Michael Kelly and Stephen Storace. Linley's career was cut short when he was drowned at the early age of twenty-two. Kelly was privileged to have one of his melodies arranged with variations by Mozart when he was living in Vienna in 1787; but his later compositions, consisting mainly of incidental music for entertainments at the London patent theatres, never rose above mediocrity. Storace, whose Italian opera 'Gli Equivoci' (based on Shakespeare's 'The Comedy of Errors') was produced at the Burgtheater, Vienna, in 1786 just seven months after 'Le Nozze di Figaro', showed a continuing regard for Mozart and an understanding of his genius as an operatic composer. After his return to England in March 1787, he published a number of Mozart's works in his *Collection of Original Harpsichord Music*, including the Piano Sonata in A (K.331), from whose 'Allegretto alla Turca' he subsequently quoted in the overture to 'The Siege of Belgrade' (1791); and it might with justice be said that some of the airs and concerted pieces in his operas reveal signs of the benefit he derived from Mozart's example.

Although by the last two decades of the eighteenth century English opera had travelled a considerable distance from the ballad-opera vogue of the period immediately following 'The Beggar's Opera' (1728), the practice of *pasticcio*

or paste-up opera still prevailed. Comic operas resembled musical comedies, with the librettist as the more important partner and the composer selecting, arranging and instrumenting the necessary music. Ballad-opera proper had rapidly reached a dead-end, partly because the supply of ballads (defined in 1728 as 'songs commonly sung up and down the streets') was soon exhausted, and partly because an operatic form that eschewed recitative, airs, concerted pieces and ensembles had very little future. Storace's example did much to elevate English comic opera to a more truly operatic level than the ballad-opera could ever attain; and even so light-hearted a work as 'No Song, No Supper' (1790) shows signs of fastidious craftsmanship. His operas enjoyed considerable success at Drury Lane in their day; and although they had passed out of fashion by the Victorian age, so astute a critic as George Hogarth gave him special praise (in *Memoirs of the Opera*, 1851) because 'his strong sense and judgement enabled him to unite pure Italian melody to the prosody and accent of English poetry with a felicity which has never been excelled by any other composer'.

Originally 'No Song, No Supper' was rejected by the Drury Lane management, so Prince Hoare and Storace gave it to Kelly for his benefit (April 16, 1790). Kelly himself played the part of Frederick, and Storace's sister Nancy the part of Margaretta who assumes the disguise of a ballad-singer. This farcical little opera was an immediate hit. Nancy Storace was encored when she sang her ballad 'With lowly suit and plaintive ditty'; and the trio and sextet finale to Act I, both of which had been lifted from Storace's earlier opera 'Gli Equivoci', were particularly admired. The following year Storace was able to profit by the general popularity of his stage music when he secured the unprecedentedly high price of £1,000 for the copyright of 'The Siege of Belgrade'. 'No Song, No Supper' was current for nearly half a century; and John Oxenford related as a curious theatrical custom connected with its performance that, whereas stage banquets are usually contrived with artificial food, in 'No Song, No Supper' the boiled leg of lamb *must* be real.

As despite the hazards of fire and other forms of destruction the full scores of 'The Descent of Belinda' and 'No Song, No Supper' have luckily survived, there has been no need for these two operas to be 'realised' by a musical editor. Both are written for double woodwind, horns and strings. In addition, a guitar is specified for the serenade in 'The Descent of Belinda' and a carillon for the Act II finale in 'No Song, No Supper'.



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CAKE-MAKING FOR BEGINNERS—IV

THE FOURTH METHOD of cake-making is the one in which the fat is melted and added, and it is used for cakes such as gingerbread and the famous Yorkshire parkin. It follows the pattern of the other methods in preparation. For large gingerbreads the tins should be greased and lined with greased, greaseproof paper, having the greased side in contact with the cake; the fruit prepared, and the flour, salt, and spice added. For gingerbread we always use treacle, and the fat, sugar, and treacle are put in a saucepan and stirred over the heat until dissolved—and only till dissolved. Do not let the mixture get too hot. If bicarbonate of soda is used it should be dissolved in the milk for mixing.

To mix the cake, simply make a well in the centre of the flour and pour in the treacle, sugar and fat, beaten eggs, and milk. Mix it well before putting it into the tin, so that the ingredients are thoroughly blended. This type of cake needs a very moderate oven. Anything containing treacle has a tendency to burn more easily than if sugar alone is used.

For all cakes the oven should be hottest when you put in the cake. It may be necessary to reduce the heat a little after the cake has risen. Do not move the cakes while they are rising. Gingerbreads should be baked only till set.

ANN HARDY

GAYER CARROTS

This is one of the most difficult times of the year for the housekeeper, especially when choosing vegetables. There are plenty of imported and forced young things as well as tinned and frozen ones. But they are comparatively expensive. So we must see what can be done to improve the ordinary things, mostly roots.

Let us start with carrots. First of all, wash and scrub them well, then scrape or skin with a

very sharp knife, and rinse again in really cold water, which will give them a new lease of life, however soft and flabby they may be. Shake, and cut into rounds about the thickness of a half-crown piece. Have ready a large saucepan, choosing your thickest and heaviest one; heat it and put in about an ounce of butter, or margarine, or a mixture. Let it melt a little, but before it can become oily put in the carrots, shaking the saucepan well. Add salt and pepper, a sprinkling of soft sugar, and the juice of half a lemon. Shake the pan again and add just enough boiling water barely to cover the sliced carrots. Put the lid tightly on, and cook very gently until they are done. I cannot give timing, which varies so much according to the age, size, and general quality of the carrots, so you must prod them occasionally. But do not over-cook them. Just before serving, shake in some finely chopped parsley.

Another good dish is a sort of ragout of carrots, but for this you use good dripping instead of butter. Get the carrots ready, as I have explained, and cut in rounds. Melt a good piece of dripping in your large, thick, saucepan and brown in it a medium-sized onion, finely chopped. Put in the carrots, salt and pepper, and a little bunch of thyme, bay-leaf, and parsley. Sprinkle with flour and lightly brown everything, stirring so that nothing 'catches'. Cover with brown meat stock or diluted meat extract. Put the lid on and simmer till done, when you shake in a little fresh parsley before serving. A mixture of carrots, turnips, and parsnips can also be treated in this way.

Hot, cooked beetroot, much neglected as a vegetable, is delicious by way of a change. I always wash the beetroots, dry with a rough cloth, then bake in the oven as you would jacket potatoes. Test by squeezing gently between finger and thumb, and when soft peel them and serve them in one of several ways: sliced and covered with a creamy and well-

flavoured white sauce; or add some melted butter, into which you put salt, pepper, a squeeze of lemon juice, and some chopped parsley.

ROBIN ADAIR

Notes on Contributors

ANDRÉ FONTAINE (page 223): foreign news editor of *Le Monde*

WYNFORD VAUGHAN-THOMAS (page 225): covered Royal Commonwealth Tour 1953-54 as B.B.C. commentator

SIR IVOR JENNINGS, LL.B. (page 226): Vice-Chancellor of Ceylon University since 1942; author of *The Commonwealth in Asia*, *The Constitution of Ceylon*, *Constitutional Laws of the Commonwealth*, etc.

J. L. MARTIN (page 233): architect to the L.C.C.; co-designer of the Royal Festival Hall

C. V. WEDGWOOD (page 235): historian; President of the English Centre of the International P.E.N. Club since 1951; author of *The King's Peace*, *The Thirty Years' War*, etc.

IVOR GOWAN (page 237): lecturer in public administration, Nottingham University

HENRY MORRIS (page 239): formerly Chief Education Officer for Cambridgeshire

NOEL ANNAN (page 241): lecturer in politics, Cambridge University since 1948; author of *Leslie Stephen: His Thought and Character in Relation to His Time*

R. H. WARD (page 242): critic and author of *The Leap in the Dark*, 'The Prodigal Son' (play), *The Encounter* (poems), etc.

JOHN BETJEMAN (page 253): author of *A Few Late Chrysanthemums*, *First and Last Loves*, etc.

ERIC W. WHITE (page 265): author of *The Rise of English Opera*, *Benjamin Britten: A Sketch of His Life and Works*, *Stravinsky: A Critical Survey*, etc.

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By Jayphanx

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CD have both their sums and products perfect squares (with the exception that, in the smallest rectangle, the second pair is AD + 1, CD). Regarded as a fifth rectangle the centre square contains a single digit, N, satisfying the same conditions.

Numbers are clued by their initial and final squares: e.g., Ta is the 3-digit number commencing at square T and ending at square a.

CLUES

1. Ta = 2 (JQ + 12)
2. AH = XS = 2CI - 10
3. fV = dY (N + 1)
4. BE = DF = PL + 1 = JQ - N
5. ec = 10 (GM + 1)
6. Ub = RK - 3
7. dY = WZ - 1 = OS + 4

Solvers might like to know that the sum of the digits unchecked by clues or intersections is 284.

Solution of No. 1,291

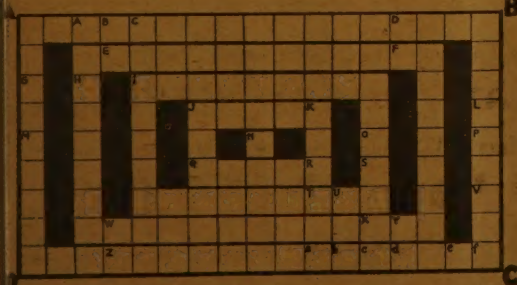
1	S	2	L	3	A	4	W	5	S	6	H	7	E	8	S	9	H	10	I	N
11	E	12	I	13	G	14	H	15	T	16	S	17	R	18	E	19	E	20	V	E
21	B	22	L	23	E	24	E	25	10	26	A	27	R	28	A	29	M	30	E	N
31	U	32	R	33	M	34	A	35	N	36	N	37	E	38	M	39	M	40	E	T
41	L	42	A	43	O	44	T	45	E	46	D	47	D	48	Y	49	O	50	G	O
51	L	52	Y	53	R	54	E	55	S	56	E	57	C	58	R	59	U	60		
61	I	62	O	63	A	64	M	65	O	66	T	67	O	68	R	69	H	70	E	R
71	E	72	N	73	T	74	E	75	R	76	O	77	R	78	E	79	A	80	T	A
81	N	82	E	83	A	84	R	85	A	86	N	87	A	88	G	89	A	90	N	G
91	T	92	O	93	N	94	I	95	C	96	E	97	T	98	A	99	C	100	H	E
101	A	102	R	103	E	104	T	105	H	106	O	107	E	108	L	109	E	110	A	N

NOTES

Across: 1. are his LAWS and 4. isHER ace 6. this ruSHING. 8. elephants WEIGH Ten tons 10. and we are EVERYone 12. aBLE Every 13. made nO ARTist 14. a shAME Now. 15. in bURMA Now 18. would seEM METal. 21. new scentED DYES. 22. an early REview. 23. arE CRUIsE. 24. meMO TORn. 28. TEN TEraces. 29. can't caRE AT All. 30. meN EARe. 32. will meAN And.. 33. biG ANGLE. 35. worst ON ICe. 36. IT ACHEs' worst. 37. caRE To me. 38. shOEing. 39. muLE And.

Down: 2. pAGEants. 3. feW HE ATe. 4. fineST ONeS. 5. smaller REDraft. 6. cauSE A MYstic. 7. on THE Mothering. 8. the BULL I ENTERed. 9. weedS AND STONEs. 11. i sENT OUR AGEnt. 16. not a sTRAY ONe. 17. theM OR A Tease. 19. called theM 'OCH Aye' at once they replied. 20. 'vEG. RETail charges'. 24. sumMER IT seems. 25. fOR A CHarming. 26. fOR A TEar. 27. shoRE GALES. 31. mAN Eat. 34. the fACEs.

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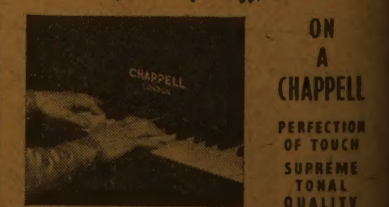
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